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From Near and Far

I thank Mrs. A. Rich of Ogden, Utah, who has paid my subscription to the *Magazine* yearly. It is a very inspiring *Magazine* in giving such wonderful addresses from God's word. Also, I enjoy the beautiful poems. My uncle, John Cozzens, who was one of the pioneers to the West, and the father of Mrs. A. Rich, was my mother's eldest brother whom she loved very dearly.

—Mary J. Bevan
Burton, Neyland,
Pembroke, Wales

I look forward each month to receiving our very inspiring *Magazine*. Words fail to tell you of the good I receive.

Mrs. Olive A. Isom
Las Vegas, Nevada

This is the place where summer spends the winter—and flowers grow. I have been a subscriber to the *Magazine* for many years. My husband, Charles Hallstrom, and I reared a family of twelve sons and daughters in Oakley, Utah, and I always had time to read the *Magazine*. My visiting teaching companion and I made our calls by team and sleigh, as the homes were scattered, but the sisters always welcomed us and our message and were always glad to have us read from the *Magazine* to them. I am seventy-seven years old, but still love to go to Relief Society meetings. I remember when Sister Emmeline B. Wells came with other sisters to conduct Relief Society conference in Coalville, Utah. I have daughters who work in Relief Society, too.

—Amelia Hallstrom
Miami Beach, Florida

While reading through *The Relief Society Magazine*, I appreciate more and more the stories that are published in each issue, with special mention going to Frances C. Yost. Her stories have impressed me a great deal. "Deflated Dollar" (March 1953) is so true to these times. It makes one realize just how fast the times are changing. I do hope you will publish many more of her stories.

—Olga Y. Herzog
Logan, Utah

Since its first issue I have read and enjoyed *The Relief Society Magazine*. Before that I read mother's treasured copies of the *Woman's Exponent*. But I do not recall one story that was quite so wholesomely entertaining as the story "The Family Reunion" (March 1953) by Yvonne Child Hiss. Success to an outstanding *Magazine*.

—Emily J. Jewkes
Orangeville, Utah

I have enjoyed selling *The Relief Society Magazine*, as the sisters of our ward seem to feel that it is a necessity in their homes. I just remind them that their subscriptions have expired, and they always respond. The *Magazine* sells itself once it has been in the home. It is a privilege to place such an inspiring and wonderful *Magazine* in our Latter-day Saint homes.

—Idella Walker
Jerome, Idaho

There are no Latter-day Saint services near here that we can find, so *The Relief Society Magazine* is my only contact with Relief Society. My sister renews the *Magazine* for my birthday, and it is one of the most valuable gifts I receive.

—Mrs. J. C. Larson
Ulm, Germany

From the time I was a child in my parents' home until now, as mother of six, I've read *The Relief Society Magazine* from cover to cover. It has helped me to feel close to our leaders. It has never failed to give inspiration and satisfy my spiritual hunger. More than anything else, it keeps us young mothers aware of the real purpose of our existence and our opportunities in our Church and in our calling.

—June B. Bartholomew
Milford, Utah

I want to thank you for the inspiring pages that are mine to read each month in *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Zelda Howard
Bountiful, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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No Wonder We Love Him

Edith Smith Elliott

[Daughter of President George Albert Smith]
Member, Relief Society General Board

WHEN we contemplate the widespread meaning of the six-letter word *father*, we are somewhat astonished. Aside from the dictionary definition, its use has encompassed conditions, movements, and institutions.

In feudal times the lords and barons had paternalistic authority over their vassals. Many religious groups use the word *father* for those who teach or counsel their members. The term *founding fathers* has been used for those whose contributions form the framework of institutions whether political, economic, or religious. We refer to George Washington as the "Father of our Country." We honor him for his foresight in establishing democratic principles that have lasted in our country since its infancy. Thomas Jefferson was the "Father of the Declaration of Independence," and James Madison the "Father of the United States Constitution." To the Negro, Abraham Lincoln is the "Father of Freedom." Simon Bolivar and Jose de San Martin were the "Revolutionary Fathers" of South America who were responsible for freeing their countries from Europe. Most political groups have a filial feeling toward their founders and organizers.

The different inventors are given the title of *father* of their invention. Examples are the Wright Brothers, *fathers* of the airplane; Alexander Graham Bell, *father of the telephone*; and Eli Whitney, *father* of the cotton gin.

Eminent scientists such as Pythagoras, Louis Pasteur, Einstein, and Lister, all bear the name of *father* of their particular contributions.

As individuals, however, our first experience with the word *father* is a very personal one—our own dear father. For each of us he holds a very special place. To me my Father had all of the attributes that endear a father to his daughter. He fulfilled all of my expectations of fatherhood.

We were not a large family. There were only three children. If each of us could write a biography of him separately, I am sure that the reader would be convinced that we all shared the same love and appreciation for him.

As tiny children we looked upon him as our protector. He was tall in stature, confident, and forceful. We felt the safety of his being between us and any fear, harm, or danger. He lifted us into his arms at the approach of a barking dog. He barricaded us against crowds. He took us by the hand and led us safely through traffic and confusion. He carried us over the rough and rocky places. Walking by his side in the darkness of the night, we felt his strength and had faith in his decisions. All eerieness disappeared, and shadows were really only shadows.

What a comfort it was to have

Father in the garden when the big boys passed by. Then they didn't stop to tease, shout, or threaten. The knowledge of being within ear or eyeshot of Father gave us a feeling of security and confidence in trying out new experiences. If Papa approved of our activities, we knew we could succeed. He never lost an opportunity to encourage us at least to try new and wholesome endeavors. He looked upon experience as a great teacher and taught us to profit by each.

He forewarned us of hazardous activity, but would always help us out of our difficulties, even if we stubbornly persisted in finding out by the hard way that he was right.

HE continually counseled us about our behavior, emphasizing honesty and fairness. I remember one day when on my way home from my piano lesson, the streetcar conductor overlooked collecting my fare. This was before the days of dropping a coin into a box upon entry. Instead, the conductor used to come into the car, collect, and ring up the fares. Somehow he passed me by, and I reached my destination still holding my nickel in my hand, and frankly quite elated that I had made the trip free.

I did not realize that I had done something wrong until I ran gleefully to Father to tell him about my good fortune. He listened to my story patiently. I was beginning to think I was a great success. A point that I thought was so important was that I was sure that the conductor did not know I had not paid for the ride, and therefore all was well.

When I had finished my tale, Father said, "But, darling, even if the conductor doesn't know about this, you know and I know and your Heavenly Father knows. So, there are still three of us who must be satisfied in seeing that you pay in full for value received."

That was all I needed. I stood out on the corner and waited for the return trip of the streetcar, explained my plight to the conductor, paid my fare, and learned a valuable lesson that I shall never forget.

I am indeed thankful for a Father who was wise enough to kindly point out the error to me, because if it had been overlooked, I could have thought that he approved, and I might have tried something similar another time. Repetition of misdeeds tends to dull one's senses to wrongdoing and they can easily become a habit.

Once the Prophet Joseph Smith was asked for his plan of government, his reply was, that he taught the people correct principles, and they governed themselves. Father chose to apply this same principle to the rearing of children. He believed that it is the responsibility of parents to outline a pattern of good conduct for their children, continually pointing out the benefits which come with disciplined deportment.

He tried to teach us not to spend a lot of time grieving over our mistakes. He regarded it an unnecessary waste of time, and to him time was important. His premise was that sincere repentance includes recognizing the mistake, profiting by the experience, plus the determination never to commit the same error again.

Father was a wonderful playmate and companion. He liked to combine learning with recreation. He had a knack for making large and colorful kites that he sent into the sky on windy days. All of the children in the neighborhood and some of the grownups would meet for the launching. It was great fun to watch the kite rise, dip, and flutter. Father knew how to make it dive and then level off, with the tail forming all kinds of contortions.

We watched with suspense when he reeled the kite in, missing power lines and treetops. By this simple maneuvering of just a toy he taught us that skill and knowledge make performance of most endeavors sure and easy.

Because he could not afford the money to buy manufactured ball bats for our games, he carved remarkable ones for us out of scrap pieces of lumber. He made them fairly long, wide, and flat, with a cut-out tapered place for the handle. They were used for years. By this demonstration he proved to us that many times by patient effort we can make things ourselves, thus using our time and talents for self-development while furthering our desires.

He encouraged us to see beauty and joy in the simple things of life. Walks along the beach with him were always exciting. The roar of the ocean and threatening waves had no terror for us. Instead, he pointed out the beat and rhythm of the surf, the beautiful color of the water, and the ruffled breakers as they danced gaily toward us. He loved the ocean. Its activity was restful to him. He had a wealth of wonderful stories about the sea that he would share with us while we built our famous sand houses in which to picnic.

Father's affection and consideration for mother were beautiful. He never lost an opportunity to show his appreciation of her. Everything they did, they did together, after well-laid plans and teamwork. She was precious to him. He was proud of the way she accepted the many responsibilities that fell to her, so that he could carry on his Church work. She knew and understood the importance of his great mission and never spared herself in trying to help him magnify it. While we all adored Mother, I am sure that his thoughtfulness and tenderness toward her made her even more beloved by us children. After she died he would occasionally say, "No woman could ever have done more for a man than she has done for me. It would be so nice to be able to talk things over with Mother. She had such rare good judgment."

Papa's popularity as an entertainer carried over into many happy hours of fun at home. He used to sing for us, accompanying himself on his guitar or the piano. His repertoire of humorous songs has amused us for years.

A sense of humor is a handy safety valve that helps one through some rather worrisome times. Father had a pleasingly substantial amount of it. He relieved many a tense moment by some wry remark, witty saying, or appropriate joke. He was always good company. Life was never dull near him.

Father had implicit faith in prayer, both individual and family

prayer. He admonished us to live righteous lives so that we would have the right to ask for divine help. Another of his oft-repeated quotations was: "When you have done all you can on your own, then give the Lord a chance."

To Father happiness was a goal reached only by following the rules laid down by the Master. Many of his sermons included this statement: "The highway to happiness is the pathway of righteousness."

He found good in everyone and believed in magnifying one's virtues. A well-known saying of his was: "We are all our Heavenly Father's children."

During his last illness I used to sit by him often. Our conversations are a precious memory to me. A particularly choice statement that he made was: "Darling, I have never met anyone that I couldn't love."

His beautiful life has taught us many lessons, the most important of which is that he proved, without a doubt, that it is possible to live the gospel of Jesus Christ right here on this earth. No wonder we love him!

Summer Morning

Luella N. Adams

On the mountain light is creeping,
Silvery glow in eastern sky.
Over the valley quietly sleeping
The splendor of the sky unfolds.

There's freshness in the morning air
As it's wafted from the height;
Nature stirs to greet the morning,
With wings of birds against the light.

The jewelled grass and flowers bend
In fronds of glistening dew
That melt and quickly vanish
As the sun comes smiling through.

Dawn has shared this magic moment
With the few who rise to see
Beauty far too frail to linger—
Glories past reality.

June Lure

Leone O. McCune

Not a regret for the season's turning,
Never at all do I really mind
If I can leave the ice-bound valleys,
Snow, and the bitter winds behind.

Gaze on a lupine-covered mountain,
Trees with their bright green leaves unfurled,
June, with her display of scarlet roses,
There on the blue rim of the world.

Adam S. Bennion Appointed to the Council of the Twelve

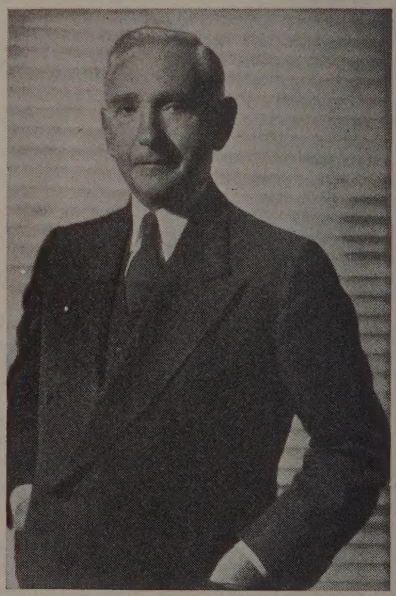
Elder Henry D. Moyle

Of the Council of the Twelve

ADAM S. Bennion has been publicly acclaimed as an educator, executive, public speaker, and churchman. By a host of friends throughout the nation he is known as "Ad." This rather intimate abbreviation of his name carries with it an element of intimate friendship, but more than that, of great respect. Those whose lives he has touched in the great service which he has rendered his friends, have in every instance been inspired to greater works, better lives, and above all, to a greater respect for their friend Adam. No one challenges his integrity, his devotion to that which is right. Although he has risen to heights, great heights, indeed, in the educational, business, civic, and social world, and to the most exalted position to which the Church can call him, he has never lost the sense of value and appreciation for the humbler things of life. In this respect he has retained the virtues of his humble beginning, of which he is justly very proud.

In his acceptance of the high call which has come to him, he said:

> Often during the last twenty-five years I have had opportunity to bring eastern people to Temple Square. I always take them to the log cabin in the southeast corner of the Square. I show them the little log cabin and ask them to behold it, and then turn from the cabin to the temple. I want them to understand the poverty of the pioneers who lived in log cabins, but still dreamed dreams of a temple.



ELDER ADAM S. BENNION

Elder Bennion lived early enough in the history of the state to know from his own experience some of the problems of the pioneers. He was born in Taylorsville in Salt Lake County, during the lifetime of many of the original settlers. He learned keenly to appreciate the hardships the pioneers suffered. He loved to hear the stories of their forced exodus from Nauvoo, their journey

across the plains, and their settlement in the valleys of the mountains. Among these pioneers were his forebears. His father died when he was but a year and a half old. Two of the other children died in their infancy while the family were living in Rush Valley, where medical attention was not available. Adam was one of five children raised to maturity by their widowed mother, through her own efforts.

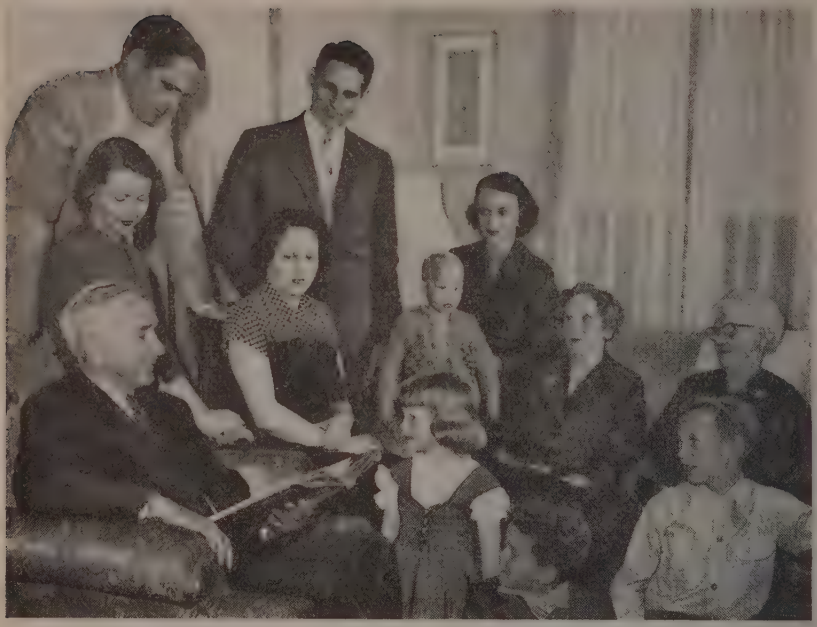
From the standpoint of the Relief Society, it is interesting to note that although Ad's mother had this great responsibility of rearing her family alone, nevertheless she found time to serve for thirty years as a Relief Society worker and teacher in her ward. The service rendered others during this long period can never be fully appraised. She always had time to help a neighbor. She lived to enjoy her family and her friends until after she was seventy-eight years of age.

Ad recognized and appreciated the help of his mother during the twenty-five years he lived under her roof. No doubt in Ad's life of accomplishment is seen the reflection of his mother's teachings, culture, and ideals exemplified in her life, her devotion to duty, her love of family, her faith in God. From his family, community, and Church, Elder Bennion received the most wonderful heritage of all: faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

WITH these priceless endowments Adam began life. We look now for a moment at his accomplishments, comparable in a way with the comparison he himself drew between the log cabin as the beginning, and the temple as the ultimate achievement. Adam earned a degree of Doctor of Philosophy conferred upon him by the University of California, culminating years of study and teaching. He received high recognition in his appointment to the Executive Committee of the Brigham Young University, the Church Board of Education, and as a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Utah.

Were he asked what his choicest service had been, he would instantly say, thirty-eight years of intensive effort as a member of the general board of the Deseret Sunday School Union. This is work which has brought him close to the hearts of thousands of young people whom he has wisely counseled and helped. His intimate association with young men and women continued throughout the years during which he served the Church as Commissioner of Education, in charge of all the Church seminaries and institutes and colleges.

From the field of education he was called into another great field of public service, a business service upon which the welfare of the city and state depends. His efforts in business have now added to his previous host of friends, the patrons served, the stockholders, the management, and fellow employees with whom he has been associated. Indeed, he has assisted since 1934 in building a great public service corporation. Herein he has gained the respect, admiration, confidence, and affection of all with whom he has worked. They have consistently bestowed high honors upon him. He has risen to the office of vice-president of the Utah Power and Light



ELDER ADAM S. BENNION AND SOME OF HIS FAMILY

Elder Bennion is seated at the left, and with him, left to right, are some of his children and grandchildren: Edmund Y. Bennion and his wife Betty Jean Lusty Bennion; Marian Bennion Rogers; Richard Y. Bennion and his wife, Lucy Jensen Bennion, holding their son, William Farr Bennion; Elder Bennion's wife, Minerva Young Bennion; Mrs. Richard W. Young, mother of Mrs. Bennion. The grandchildren in front, at the right, are: Ann Bennion, Adam Scott Bennion, and Richard Bennion. Two other children, Phyllis Bennion Stohl, of Arlington, Virginia, and Adam Y. Bennion, Los Angeles, California, and others of the eighteen grandchildren were not present when this photograph was taken.

Company. The recognition accorded him is national in its scope, and his influence has been extended likewise.

Among his other accomplishments, he is a musician. He loves music. For fifteen years he has taken time out from his business and his other activities, to preside over the Salt Lake Oratorio Society. Tens of thousands have appreciated the society's rendition of the Messiah on New Year's Day during all of this period of his leadership.

He has unselfishly played his part politically. He is a great patriot with the highest ideals. In his latest public utterance he proclaimed: "I love this country, its inspired institutions and its great Constitution." This declaration has been made to thousands by Adam S. Bennion in practically every state in the Union.

His profound faith has accompanied him in his loveliest accomplishment of all—his family. Blessed with the wife of his choice, a beautiful daughter of a most dis-

tinguished family, Minerva Young; three manly sons and two lovely daughters. The sons are pursuing in their father's footsteps, succeeding in their chosen callings, the daughters establishing homes for themselves and their worthy husbands, following the pattern set by their mother. Into this home came the inspiration and blessings of the homes from which Adam and Minerva came. What could be more fitting than the lovely compliment he paid his family—"Three lovely women who have enriched my life, my mother, my wife, and my wife's mother." These quotations from Elder Bennion's acceptance of his high call indicate eloquently his innermost thoughts and feelings and emotions, and point unerringly to the interests which have been paramount throughout his life.

With all these and many unmentioned achievements in life, he brings to his present calling a most unusual background of rich experience, a life of devoted service. He is a true son of a noble mother.

To Adam the Church comes first. The testimony he bore when accepting his call to the Apostleship bears eloquent testimony of the depths of his rich spiritual life:

> If these brethren think I can respond to this call, I will give it my heart and my energy. My life is anchored with the testimony I have that God lives and that Jesus Christ is his Son. I know that this Church was instituted by revelation, and that Joseph Smith and all his successors were men of God, inspired to build this great institution. President McKay, I give you my life, my service. I will go where you want me to go, I will give my best in an attempt to do what you and he would want me to do. I dedicate myself to this service.

The numerous friends of Adam S. Bennion now come forward as one to acclaim their approval of the high calling which is now his—a special witness to the world of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Beyond the Strength of Rock

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

The mystery of summer found a seed
Not only under earth, but stone-encased
Where men had laid a walk and feet had paced
Upon their busy way. No one gave heed
To what might lie beneath. An inner need
Demanded light and all else was effaced
By that desire for growth. A course was traced,
A dungeon door gave way, and life was freed.
A blade of grass has forced an ancient lock.
Although more frail than any flesh or bone
It used a strength beyond the strength of rock.
Here is a triumph marked and plainly shown,
A miracle the doubting cannot mock,
For fragile-fingered grass has rent a stone.

Five New Members Appointed to the Relief Society General Board

Gladys Sessions Boyer

Leone G. Layton
Member, General Board of Relief Society

GLADYS S. BOYER

THE appointment of Gladys Sessions Boyer to the general board of Relief Society, March 18, 1953, will be welcomed by all who have worked with her. Sister Boyer has a most pleasing personality. She is a woman of great spiritual strength, trusting implicitly in the power of the Master to sustain those who accept the call to serve him.

Sister Boyer was born in Woods Cross, Utah, a daughter of Jedediah Sessions and Mary Ellen Moss. She was introduced to Relief Society early in life, attending with her mother before she entered school. At fourteen years of age she was secretary of the Primary in Kaysville. Upon her marriage to Selvoy J. Boyer in 1919, she made her home in Springville, Utah, where she served as a counselor in the Second Ward Primary and as a member of the Kolob Stake Primary Board. She was active in Relief Society work and had given twenty years' service as a visiting teacher and three years as first counselor in the Kolob Stake Relief Society presidency when her husband was called to preside over the British Mission. During her presidency of the British mission Relief Society many new societies were organized. Sister Boyer frequently expresses her admiration for the faith and diligence of the British sisters and her great love for them.

Upon her return to Springville, she was made president of the Kolob Stake Relief Society and had served one year when Brother Boyer's business necessitated removal to Salt Lake City. Here she was made visiting teacher message leader in Monument Park Ward, and was serving as first counselor in the presidency of that ward when she was called to the general board.

The Boyers have five children: Keith S., LaMar S., Phyllis (Mrs.

Don Humphrey), John Carl, and Jerrol M., and five grandchildren. Although the children are all married, the Boyer home is seldom empty, for some of the children, grandchildren, or missionaries are usually with her.

Sister Boyer has always loved Relief Society. She brings to her new position the love, faith, and strength of testimony which will demonstrate her ability to serve the organization well through her new calling.

Charlotte Anderson Larsen

Bernice L. Robbins

CHARLOTTE Anderson Larsen, appointed to the general board of Relief Society, March 25, 1953, was born in Logan, Utah, to John H. and Annie E. Anderson. Being reared in a religious and devout home, her love of the gospel developed early, and at an early age she was called to teach in the Primary, and soon to a Primary stake board.

Educated at Brigham Young College and the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, where she majored in dramatic art and literature, she has thrilled many with her inspiring literary and dramatic presentations in Relief Society and elsewhere. These talents and training, coupled with her willingness to serve, her love of the gospel, and her devotion to her friends, have made her beloved by all who know her. Her testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel has developed over the years through her work and devotion to the Church, assisted by right-living and right-thinking parents and family. Her father, prominent in Cache Valley business circles, was bishop for many years, stake high councilman, and president of the Swedish Mission.

Married in the Logan Temple to

CHARLOTTE A. LARSEN

Joseph Reuben Larsen, she is proud to be called mother by three fine sons, Dr. Louis C., John A., Joseph Reuben, Jr., and one daughter, Bernice Robbins, all of whom are active in the Church. Sister Larsen has fourteen grandchildren. Love, devotion, and unity have characterized the Larsen home, and friends and acquaintances alike have found joy and pleasure in her presence.

Active in various Church organizations, she has served in many

capacities. While living in Ogden, she served in the Mutual presidency of her ward, and on the Primary stake board. Moving to Salt Lake City in the early 1930's, she became active in Mutual in the Yale Ward, and then in the Yalecrest Ward. Her appointment to the general board of Relief Society culminates a long service in Relief Society as literature class leader, social science class leader, and seven years in the presidency of the Yalecrest Ward Relief Society, where her outstanding contributions to the various phases of the work have endeared her to all who know her.

News of Sister Larsen's appointment will be received with joy and approval by friends and acquaintances alike.

Edith Price Backman

Blanche B. Stoddard
Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE appointment of Edith Price Backman, on March 25, 1953, brings to the general board of Relief Society a woman with a wealth of experience and a rich spiritual background. Her life has been devoted to the work of the Lord, and her testimony of the gospel is staunch and firm.

She was born in Goshen, Utah, the daughter of Bishop William Price and Mary Ann Gardner. After completing her schooling in Goshen, she attended the Brigham Young University, where she received her teaching certificate. She taught for several years in Goshen and Draper, Utah.

EDITH P. BACKMAN

At this time, LeGrand P. Backman, who represented the Utah Conservatory of Music, was holding classes throughout Utah County, and had Sister Backman as a pupil. Later, they met again in Draper and were married in the Salt Lake Temple, June 8, 1921.

In 1935 they were called to preside over the South African Mission. With their young family of four children, they spent three wonderful years there. As president of the mission Relief Society, Sister Backman traveled many miles with her husband, often by bus, to visit the branches. She took the same enthusiasm and sweet spirit to the humblest organization as to the largest and most flourishing one. She was beloved by the missionaries serving in that mission, and for the

fifteen years since their return, this group of missionaries have met each month to study together, to sing together, to play together. A spokesman for them said, "She is as sweet and charming and unselfish a person as one could ever meet."

She has held many important positions in the Church. Besides being a mission Relief Society president, she has been Primary teacher, counselor, and president; Junior Sunday School superintendent, and in the Yale Ward Relief Society presidency.

Brother Backman is at present, president of the Salt Lake City School Board. He has been a bishop, a member of a stake presidency, a member of the general board of the Y.M.M.I.A., and a mission president. Their home is a beautiful one where the spirit of the gospel abides in rich abundance. They are never happier than when the family all come home, nearly every week-end, the five sons and daughters, nine granddaughters, and two grandsons.

Their children are Robert LeGrand, an attorney; Richard Price, a graduate of the University of Utah Business School; Mrs. John (Mary Jean) Alley; Mrs. Robert (Beverly) Davis, and James.

The women of Relief Society will love Sister Backman for her friendliness and will not readily forget her warm, firm handclasp. Her earnest and sincere testimony and great ability will strengthen all whose lives she touches as she goes about filling the new assignment which has come to her.

Winniefred Spafford Manwaring

Lillie C. Adams
Member, General Board of Relief Society

. . . . joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ (Col. 2:5).

ON March 25, 1953, Sister Winniefred S. Manwaring was appointed to the general board of Relief Society. "Having been born of goodly parents," she possesses a rich heritage, for her parents were valiant champions of righteousness. She is the daughter of Don C. and Elizabeth Hickey Spafford. On April 25, 1928, she was married in the Salt Lake Temple to Paul W. Manwaring. They have a married son and daughter, Don and Darl; and Louise who is in junior high school; also one grandson.

WINNIEFRED S. MANWARING

Realizing that our obligations are

our opportunities, has given Sister Manwaring the desire and determination to fulfill every Church assignment with credit. Characterized by her unusual executive ability, she has made many contributions to the Relief Society. She knows that faith without works is dead; faith is that dynamic spark that defies defeat. She has carefully, thoughtfully, prayerfully pursued the many tasks assigned her.

She has worked as secretary of the Big Cottonwood Stake Relief Society, president of the Twenty-first Ward Relief Society, and at the time of her call to the general board, she was president of the Emigration Stake Relief Society, having held this position for five and one-half years. Simultaneously, she served as group leader of the Relief Society stake presidents of the Salt Lake Welfare Region, and meticulously and methodically, she made plans and programs for the president's department. She has served long and diligently in all the auxiliary organizations in teaching and executive positions. Her appointment to the general board is the culmination of her faithful performance of Church service.

Though Sister Manwaring's activities have been many, in business as well as in the Church, she has maintained a high degree of efficiency in her home, believing these words: "He is happiest, be he king or peasant, who finds peace in his home" (Goethe). The verse in Proverbs (31:27) aptly expresses the solidarity of her home, with the words: "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." Her home is one of refinement, culture, comfort, and hospitality, combined with spirituality.

Through her faithful service and humbleness, she has gained a testimony of the divinity of the work and has been endowed with many rare gifts—faith, fortitude, courage, obedience, forgiveness, and other Christian virtues.

Elna Parkinson Haymond

Aleine M. Young
Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE many friends of Elna Parkinson Haymond were happy to hear of her appointment to the general board of Relief Society on March 25, 1953.

Sister Haymond comes to the general board admirably qualified, as she has worked in the ward, stake, and mission Relief Societies. She is blessed with exceptional executive ability, the courage of her convictions, a firm testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and is loved by all who know her.

She was born in Franklin, Idaho, to George Chandler and Lucy Doney Parkinson, in whose home service and spirituality were of paramount importance. Her father was president of Oneida Stake for twenty-five years, also a state legislator, and her mother was active in Relief Society. Their home was the stake headquarters for the General

Authorities for many years, and love, charity, and hospitality radiated to everyone. There was a close companionship between Elna and her father, and he explained the principles of the gospel to her, and how they could be applied to daily life. He often said: "Every member of the Church should be a copy of the standard works of the Church that many may see and read."

Sister Haymond attended the University of Utah, but obtained her B.S. degree from the University of California. This was followed by a postgraduate course at the University of Utah.

In December 1921, she married Dr. Creed Haymond in the Salt Lake Temple. They have one daughter, Mrs. (Marie) Stobbe, a son, Creed, Jr., who filled a mission in France and is now attending Northwestern University; a son George C., now serving as a stake missionary; and seven grandchildren.

Sister Haymond has served as stake seminary class leader, teacher and counselor in the Y.W.M.I.A. in Yale Ward, president of the Y. W. M. I. A. in Yalecrest Ward, a guide on Temple Square, theology class leader in Yalecrest Ward, theology supervisor on Liberty Stake Relief Society Board, and president of Bonneville Stake Primary until

ELNA P. HAYMOND

she and Dr. Haymond were called to preside over the Northern States Mission. In that mission Sister Haymond presided over the Relief Society and Primary, and upon her return she served as president of Bonneville Stake Relief Society, in which position she was serving at the time of her call to the general board.

Spirituality, service, family prayer, and a strong missionary spirit have been the motivating forces in the Haymond home, and these qualities will be carried into Sister Haymond's work on the general board.

To My Children

Louise Nicholes

If you could understand the bird's song,
Or the murmur of the seas,
Or fathom the gentle zephyrs
That sigh among the trees;
If you could read the mystery of the heavens
From twilight until dawn,
Then you'd know how I have loved you
Since the day that you were born.

Contest Announcements—1953

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the general board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The general board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contests study carefully the article "Why Study Literature," by Blanche Kendall McKey, page 383, of this issue of the *Magazine*, and the following articles on creative writing, which have appeared previously: "The Art of Poetry Writing—A Symposium of Opinions," page 370, June 1947, and "We Want to Write," page 375, June 1947; "For Makers of Rhythmic Beauty," page 370, June 1948; "You Can Write a Prize Winner," page 372, June 1948; "Points for Poets to Remember," page 371, June 1949; "On Writing a Short Story," page 374, June 1949; "On Building a Poem," page 376, June 1950; "The Short Story With a Plot," page 379, June 1950; "Let's Write a Poem," page 386, June 1951; "Lets's Write a Story," page 387, 1951; "Creation of Poetry," page 277, June 1952; and "Basic Recipe for Short Story," page 380, June 1952.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1953. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize $25
Second prize $20
Third prize $15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1954 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birth month of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board, and employees of the general board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate

copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
c. That it has never been published.
d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.
e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1953.

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

It is suggested that all entrants in the poetry contest check their work carefully for details of craftsmanship, and that they evaluate their poems in accordance with high poetic standards. The following books give helpful suggestions:

Buell, Robert K., *Verse Writing Simplified*, $1.50.

Coblentz, Stanton A., *An Editor Looks at Poetry*, $2.00.

Hamilton, Anne, *Seven Principles of Poetry*, $2.50.

Hillyer, Robert, *First Principles of Verse*, $2.00.

These books may be ordered from Writer's Digest, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1953 opens with this announcement and closes September 15, 1953.

The prizes will be as follows:

First prize $50
Second prize $40
Third prize $30

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1954. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the general board—who have

had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This statement must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)

c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.

d. That it has never been publshed, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two conseeutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation
b. Plot development
c. Message of the story
d. Writing style

9. Entries must be postmarked not later than September 15, 1953.

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

The following books on short story technique are suggested as helpful references:

Hamilton, Anne, *How to Revise Your Own Stories*, $1.50.

Foster-Harris, *Basic Formulas of Fiction*, $2.50.

Merrielees, Edith M., *Story Writing*, $3.00.

Uzzell, Thomas, *Narrative Technique*, $3.75.

These books may be ordered from *Writers Digest*, 22 East 12th Street, Cincinnati 10, Ohio.

The Token

Grace Sayre

The sun's rays pushed green leaves apart
To watch the fish cavort and dart
Along the stream's clear silver bed;
Near a bright bluebonnet's head,
Gauzy wings of a dragonfly
Poise and whir as the stream runs by.
Quiet spreads her silken gown
Where pathways cross the hills to town;
But deep in my heart lies a sun-bright token
As though the woodland stream had spoken.

Why Study Literature

Blanche Kendall McKey

THE young man's eyes blazed with resentment, although I was not the offending teacher. We both were graduate students at the University, working for a Master's degree. In one hand he held *The Canterbury Tales*, and in the other, a dictionary of Old English.

"Why do we have to go through all this rigmarole?" he demanded, "Chaucer was a great man. He wrote about real people, instead of giants and dragons. All right—grant him his glory. But he's dead. Why drag us through all this archaic language?"

My experience as a teacher of adolescents and adults has shown me that this young man's attitude is similar to that of many people, who see good only in utilitarian studies.

But let me cite another case. This questioner was a tall man of twenty-seven, enrolled in a class whose average age was twenty-one. Necessity had kept him working on his father's farm, but now that wheat and corn were bringing higher prices, he was free to pursue his ambition of becoming a teacher. Desiring to marry and "get started," he was restless under what seemed a very slow-moving process.

"Why should literature be required in this course?" he protested. "I shall never teach English."

"Don't you find literature interesting?" I asked.

"I would if I had time," he replied. "But there are so many books and writers and dates. Why must we connect the product with the man, and the man with the age that shaped his thinking?"

A third case I still cannot recall without a tightening sensation at my throat. This boy was a high-school senior and had been my student as a junior also. In the past I had found him interested and responsive, but during this closing term he was making no effort. The second World War was raging, with its devastating influence on the older boys. I asked him to remain after school, and we talked for two hours—until the last dash of yellow had left the sky—and the long conversation was precipitated by his defense: "I can't see how all this digging into poems and stories and plays will help me face what I have to face."

To my way of thinking, these representative questions—if for no other reason than their sincerity—are entitled to the best answer students of literature can give. There are many books on the subject—histories of literature, essays of literary criticisms, college and high school texts.

Let us go back to the first young man's question, "Why study Old English?" Shall we disregard our heritage from the curious-minded, mystical Celts? Will it benefit us to forget the freedom-loving, adventurous Anglo-Saxons? Does *Beowulf* mean nothing to us when the great epic symbolizes man's rise above disease, above the lashing waves of

an unknown ocean, above the fires of towering Northern forests? Shall we ignore the culture of Rome and the beautifying influence of French accents?

YEAR by year the language has changed and grown, and is still changing to meet the demands of modern living. Although Anglo-Saxon and Latin form its basis, it has taken in, bodily, words from Italy, Spain, India, and Arabia. A few words are: From Italy, *libretto, crescendo, balcony, cameo;* from Spain, *indigo, vanilla, alligator, mesquite;* from Holland and Scandinavia, *schooner, wagon, yacht, skipper;* from India and Arabia, *chintz, candy, orange, alcohol, coffee.* From the Hebrew Bible, the English-speaking people adopted such words as *cherub, jubilee, alleluia.*

America's contribution has come from Mexico, South America, the West Indies, and the North American Indians. From Mexico came *chocolate, coyote, tomato;* from South America, *tapioca, jaguar, quinine;* from the West Indies, *hurricane, maize, potato;* from the *Indians, moccasin, moose, raccoon, papoose, squaw.*

The whole world has contributed to building our language of many synonyms, of beauty and power, the result of centuries of growth. This is a precious heritage few people stop to appreciate.

Moreover, in the field of creative writing, the greatest thoughts of the world are preserved; and, if we seek them out, they shine like lamps in our hands. People and events of the past come to life as we read. History gives us facts; but great literature reveals the men and women themselves in their struggle, and we grow wiser and more understanding for having known them.

The second student to whom I referred also represents a large number of people. His complaint was twofold: (1) The magnitude of the field of literature gave him a feeling of frustration; and (2) his life was too crowded for poetry.

Let us consider his first contention. No person would attempt to deny the breadth of the study of literature, but reason can control the sense of being defeated. No one can learn all about literature anymore than he can learn all about life, for literature is a reflection of life "in terms of truth and beauty" (Long). There are so many different phases of life in history and in the great panorama unfolding before us today, that no one individual can be familiar with all the aspects. And, even if one masters acceptably English and American literature, there still lie before him the great letters of the European countries and the Far East.

As soon as a student recognizes the truth that no one scholar "knows it all," he takes the first step toward stopping the hopeless feeling of frustration. He learns that the man who knows best the breadth of the field feels the least embarrassment in answering, "No, I am not familiar with that book."

NOR can the student hope to master the study by mere outlines of periods, names, and dates. Even if a photographic mind could record so detailed a device, the learner would have a mere skeleton of

growth, with all the beauty and moving power of literature left out.

And yet the student needs a pattern of some kind. There are two plans in general use: (1) The presentation of literature in chronological order as it was written, and (2) its presentation according to type.

Our Relief Society literature lessons are offered in conformity with the first method, and each month are clearly and sympathetically outlined. Some class leaders have felt dissatisfied with their work because they could not cover the suggested ground within the allotted time. Let them take comfort in the fact that the *Magazine* is available to every home, and the class members themselves should assume some of the responsibility for making difficult assignments function. One hour of study in the different homes can bring a group of people together in a receptive and relatively understanding mood—one hour a month! Then, if the teacher sketches an historical, unifying picture of the conditions and trend of thought which surround the writers in their varying periods, giving most of the time to the literature itself, she builds a groundwork for further individual thought and reading.

This stimulation of interest is one reason for studying backgrounds; but a more significant motive is that we understand the men and women and their works far better if we know why they wrote as they did. Let me give, very briefly, two examples.

A young student once asked: "Shakespeare had such powerful plots and great characters; why didn't he write novels?" I think we all know the answer—the novel was not developed in English literature until the time of Defoe, who lived some hundred years later than Shakespeare. Drama was the popular form during the Elizabethan period, and Shakespeare naturally took it up as his means of expression.

Take Milton and his time as a second example. If we know something about the political struggle that went on in England during the Puritan and Restoration periods, we can understand more clearly *Pilgrim's Progress*, Milton's prose essays, and his *Sampson Agonistes*.

This is what my second representative student had not as yet realized: the relationship that exists between the creative artist and his age. The story of Sampson as Milton presents it is enhanced for the reader when he knows that Milton's understanding of the great Biblical character came from his own similar "agony": both men suffered under the treatment of the women they loved, both were persecuted by their enemies, both were stricken with blindness. It is this understanding of people, or of nature, or of God, that is the very fountainhead of great literature.

Back of each piece of writing is the writer, and back of the writer are the time and circumstances which helped to shape him as an individual. We of Utah should understand this truth clearly, for the early struggles of our people brought forth "Come, Come Ye Saints," "O My Father," "For the Strength of the Hills," and other hymns that have never been excelled.

Let us now look into the second method of teaching literature, that is of studying it according to its type. In spite of the fact that millions of books and papers have been written, there are not a great many different kinds of writing. For instance, the boundless field of poetry can be divided into three classes: narrative, dramatic, and lyric poetry. All narrative poems tell a story and therefore are easily recognized. Some are simple; some have allegorical meanings. But if a person really studies one great narrative poem, like "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," for instance, if he studies the ballad form, the theme, characterization, suspense, and climax, in a general manner, he knows something about all narrative poetry.

The same can be said of dramatic poetry, which takes the form of plays, monologues, or masks. In each case the story unfolds through the speaking of a character or characters. In the works of Shakespeare, Browning, and Milton we find the best examples of dramatic poetry. In my opinion, it is better to know one of Shakespeare's greatest plays—the problem and its solution, the "lesson," the characters, the power and flexibility of blank verse—than it is to know vaguely all the Shakespearean stories told by Charles and Mary Lamb.

Lyric poetry, for the most part, is short. Originally it was written to be sung (hence its name), and therefore is usually musical in form. It is to poetry what the personal essay is to prose, it reveals the thoughts and emotions of the author. In "Thanatopsis" young William Cullen Bryant gave his views on death, urging his reader so to live that when the summons comes he can meet it:

> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Many writers have attempted to define that evasive, intangible quality which we associate with great literature, but no one has succeeded too well. Wordsworth's explanation is accepted by most people: "Poetry is emotion recollected in tranquility." How much greater is such a conception than that of readers who associate poetry only with metrics!

There is a law behind the creation of poetry which is often entirely overlooked. Before poetry can be written, it must first be experienced. If a person does not feel, he cannot write poetry, and the capacity to be moved is a characteristic of all normal people. A story is told of two men who climbed to the brink of the Grand Canyon and looked down for the first time. Both stood long in awesome silence; then one said slowly, under his breath, "Gosh!" The other returned to his hotel and there alone, recalling his emotion "in tranquility," wrote a soul-stirring poem. Both men experienced poetry, although only one had the power of expression.

THE immense field of prose is divided by most authorities into six types: histories, orations, biographies, letters, essays, and fiction (prose plays, novels, short stories). There is not space here for a discussion of these forms; however,

they are familiar to most readers, and a mastery of one great example from each classification gives the student a standard by which to judge other works in prose. Moreover, such a study systematizes what might otherwise appear to be an insurmountable mass of unrelated literature.

The third student to whom I referred at the beginning of this article had no idea that he was representative of many other people. We sat in the schoolroom—quiet at last—until the shadows began to press against the large windows. I sensed his youth, his fear of the terrifying world struggle, his vague intuition that his own life would merge with the conflict. And many times since I have asked myself the question he raised: Was his study of literature unrewarding? He cannot speak for himself, poor lad, but knowing the depth of his nature I answer in the negative. The facing of problems, of personal sacrifice, of sickness, of loss of loved ones, of death itself, is the common lot of all. Two quotations from the world's greatest Book, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" and "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want," have lived in the hearts of millions of people, giving strength in times of need. Our literature is replete with lofty sentiments, often clothed in simple language, and with great thoughts, which have a way of coming back again and again to stabilize, enlighten, or to inspire.

One could go on indefinitely, the domain of literature is so rich, deep, and ennobling. And we must remember that we do not all drink from the same fountain. What feeds one soul may not touch another. We know our own secret spiritual requirements, and are free to choose. One of the glories of literature is that the supply is inexhaustible.

There is beauty of some kind—beauty of style or of deed or of idea—in every great piece of writing. Paul explains our belief in progress, as step by step we follow an ideal example. He says:

> But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory (II Corinthians 3:18).

Beauty

Catherine E. Berry

My heart has known the touch of beauty's hand,
Exquisite visions etched indelibly;
I have stood breathless, mute upon the sand,
Held by the magic of a moonlit sea.
A cherry tree bedecked in bridal white
When dawn's first rosy fingers touched the sky;
The soft enchantment of a summer night
When myriads of stars have shone on high . . . .

These things have left their print upon my heart,
Have woven threads of color on life's loom,
Of each of them I've kept a glowing part
That often helped dispel the clouds of gloom.
In gratitude, I give one precious thing,
The ever restless urge to sing and sing!

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the Woman's Exponent, June 1, and June 15, 1893

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

JUNE: Of all the year June is the happy month. No fear of chilling frosts nor dread of excessive heat to blight and mar the beauty of the earth. The child, the youth, the man all revel in its sweetness and its glory. With what delight the children hail the closing days of school . . . . The sweet girl graduate dons her fresh white gown and is showered with roses and congratulations. The weary professors lay aside the text books and bid farewell for a season to the school room to take a vacation tour in search of new scenes . . . . —Editorial

WORLD'S CONGRESS OF WOMEN (May 1893, in Chicago): Women of all lands have met on a common and universal platform, and the one band that bound them has been peace and love and the inspiration of progression and advancement to the better and higher in the moral, mental, and spiritual, as well as the physical growth of the world. Serious reflection and a deep solemnity have pervaded the heart of this great Congress of women . . . . bringing into such beautiful harmony women of all religions of whatever kind . . . . saying effectually, come let us know each other better and love each other more for the sake of the uplifting of those who sit in darkness . . . .
—Emmeline B. Wells

THE BRIDE

You are now going home—to your own home, you see,
While the home of your mother you're leaving;
And there isn't a doubt that your mind, young and free,
Bright dreams of the future is weaving.
May each happy vision presented to view,
Be but a forerunner of that which is true;
And may all that on earth you are called to endure
Make your home up in heaven, just doubly secure.
—Alofa

THE WIND: One of the most inspiring themes and one which no poet of the West has yet fully interpreted is the wild, weird, solemn-sighing, sobbing, moaning wind as it sweeps majestically (though unseen) with its tremendous music and undertone of discordant notes through the mountain fastnesses and over the stupendous heights of those lofty mountains of the Wasatch range. —Editorial

RELIEF SOCIETY MEETING IN PAYSON, UTAH: President M. A. Hardy stated that this was a special meeting, to commemorate the organization of the Relief Society in Payson; and to present a small tribute of respect to the retired officers of the old organization . . . . We realize that they have done a great deal of good, filled their positions with credit to themselves, to the community, and to the church of which they form an honorable part . . . . After the meeting adjourned, the retired officers and incumbents, together with the bishopric and a few invited friends, repaired to the home of Sister Jannett Tanner, and there did ample justice to an elegant repast.
—Maggie Wignall, Sec'y.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

ON April 11, 1953, Oveta Culp Hobby took the oath as Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, the newly created department of our Government. She is the second of her sex to serve as a cabinet member, the first having been Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor under President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

THE Women's National Press Club's choice for "Woman of the Year," and a representative of all nurses in military uniform, is First Lieutenant Mildred L. Rush, of Pembroke, New Hampshire, who has made an outstanding record during fifteen months of service in Korea. Additional achievement awards were given to Ivy Baker Priest, Treasurer of the United States; Catherine Marshall, author of *A Man Called Peter;* Marie Tallchief, internationally known ballerina, and a member of the Osage Indian tribe of Oklahoma; and Helenor Campbell Wilder, chief of the opthalmic pathology section of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology.

THE Associated Press poll ranks as the most newsworthy women: Rachel L. Carson, author of *The Sea Around Us,* (an exquisitely written book); Queen Elizabeth II; tennis star, Maureen Conolly; singer, Rosemary Clooney.

FOR her recently published book *I Made My Dreams Come True,* Mrs. Wilhelmina (Billie) Chestnut, Salt Lake author and artist, especially adept in her animal portrayals, has been awarded membership in the International Mark Twain Society, which thus recognizes people of high merit in various fields of creative work.

CHARMING Naomi Sanders (Mrs. Lowell) Farr, lyric soprano who sang in Leroy Robertson's Oratorio from The Book of Mormon, won the $1,000 prize in the New York finals of the national contest sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs in April. An additional prize was a management contract for a year by the National Concert and Artists Company. Mrs. Farr will have an audition at the Metropolitan Opera House.

BIRTHDAY congratulations and best wishes are extended to Mrs. Lizzy Colborn, Salt Lake City, Utah, one hundred years old; Mrs. Dessie W. Middleton, Los Angeles, California, ninety-five; Mrs. Eliza Judd, St. George, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Sarah McDonald, Salt Lake City, Mrs. Louisa Amelia Van Winkle, Ogden, Utah, and Mrs. Ann Seal Reid, Salt Lake City, ninety years old.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 40 JUNE 1953 NO. 6

The 123d Annual Church Conference

PRESIDENT David O. McKay estimated at the 123d Annual Conference of the Church that there were perhaps hundreds of thousands of listeners to the conference proceedings. As the prophets, seers, and revelators delivered the word of the Lord, exhorting and pleading with the people to live righteously, deal fairly, and increase individual testimonies that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, a blessing and a warning went out to the inhabitants of the earth.

To the saints, President McKay called attention to two paramount obligations, "regarding the great mission that is yours in preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ. In anticipation of this hour, I have been impressed to emphasize two great functions of the Church: First, the putting in order of our homes, and keeping them in order; and second, the proclaiming of the divinity of the mission of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. referred to the significance of the day which commemorated the resurrection and pleaded, "Brethren and Sisters cling to the Savior. Accept him as he, himself, described himself: 'I am the light and the life of the world.' Salvation comes only through him, and as Peter said to his accusers: 'There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' "

The hearts of the saints rejoiced in the calling of Brother Adam S. Bennion to fill the vacancy in the Council of the Twelve occasioned by the death of Elder John A. Widtsoe. Elder Bennion is recognized nationally for his outstanding work among the youth of the land. He is an educator and an inspirational Latter-day Saint speaker.

Limited space does not permit setting forth the great discourses of the conference, but Relief Society members would do wisely to purchase a copy of the conference proceedings, when they are issued, to add to their valued libraries. These discourses should be read and reread.

Elder Albert E. Bowen and President Stephen L Richards were the only General Authorities absent from the sessions. They were both greatly missed, and the prayers of the saints arose to the Lord in their behalf for their recovery.

President McKay read a message from President Richards at the concluding session:

> I should be very pleased if you would express to the people my deep gratitude for the inspiration of the conference, and also extend to my brethren and sisters my love and my prayers that the united efforts of all the Saints may bring great advancement to the cause we love.

May all the saints become partakers of the feast of hearing the words of the Lord as delivered at the great general conference just concluded.

—M. C. S.

Alta J. Vance Resigns From the General Board

It is with regret that the general board accepts the resignation of Alta J. Vance from the general board of Relief Society as of March 25, 1953.

Sister Vance was called to the general board in 1948, and during her membership on the board she has given painstaking and faithful service, in addition to other assignments, on lessons and special committees. She has traveled among the stakes of Zion and imparted of her sweet personality and great knowledge of the Relief Society program in forwarding Relief Society work.

Her presence on the board will be greatly missed, and the love and good wishes of Relief Society members go with her in the work in which she now engages.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Summer Work Meetings

IT is the desire of the general board that a work meeting be held each month, as heretofore, during the summer period, June through September.

New Hymn of the Month Singing Project

A Church-wide congregational hymn singing project has been inaugurated by the Church Music Committee, and all auxiliary organizations have been invited to participate. The purpose of this project is to increase the hymn repertoire of the Church membership and to place emphasis on the message of the hymns. Stake choristers and organists are requested to give assistance at union meetings to ward choristers and organists in carrying out this project.

HYMN OF THE MONTH

A specific hymn will be selected for each month of the year.

All congregations of the Church will be asked to sing the hymn of the month once or twice during that particular month.

The ward choirs and auxiliary organization choruses will practice the hymn during the first part of the month so they can aid the congregation in singing it during the latter part of the month.

Emphasis will be placed on the message of the hymn, even to the memorization of the words, so far as time and circumstances will permit in the various auxiliary organizations.

An analysis and story of the hymn will be printed each month in the Church Section of the *Deseret News*.

The hymn of the month project will start in June, 1953.

Following is a list of hymns approved for the thirteen months June 1953 to June 1954:

Month	Page New Hymn Book	Title
June, 1953	56	"Guide Us, O Thou Great Jehovah"
July	20	"Come, O Thou King of Kings"
August	212	"Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded"
September	48	"God Moves in a Mysterious Way"
October	203	"We Love Thy House, O God"
November	29	"Come, Ye Thankful People"
December	123	"O God, Our Help In Ages Past"
January, 1954	53	"Great King of Heaven, Our Hearts We Raise"
February	108	"Jesus Mighty King in Zion"
March	10	"Christ the Lord Is Risen"
April	96	"Hear Thou Our Hymn, O Lord"
May	99	"In Memory of the Crucified"
June	146	"How Wondrous and Great"

Instructions to Conducting Officer

The conducting officer, when announcing a hymn, should give not only the page number, but should read clearly and impressively the first sentence of the hymn, or even the first verse. An exception to this might be when no vocal announcement is made but the hymn numbers are placed on a wall board. Even under these circumstances, it is desirable that the first hymn be announced by reading of the first sentence.

A Mother's Prayer

Elsie Scott

Dear God, the Father of us all,
Will thou hear a mother's call?
Give me strength from day to day
To keep my feet upon the narrow way;
May my prints be firm and deep,
May I constant vigil keep,
That as my sons and daughters grow
They may follow me and know
I will not let them go astray,
As I teach them how to pray
Give me patience, tolerance, too,
For little pranks that children do
Make me wise to understand
And teach them all that thou hast planned
To guide them back again to thee.
But most of all, O Lord, bless me
And make me worthy of these joys—
These precious souls, my girls and boys

Bob Bishop

SPRING BLOSSOMS, SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA

Let Me Take Time for These

Vilate R. McAllister

A mother has such pleasant things to do,
One task among them, not the least of all,
To help her child store memories to recall
With keen delight in later years: the dew
Of early morning on a rose; the new,
Quick buds of springtime's magic; or the small,
Soft chirping of a bird at evenfall;
The baby tiger sleeping at the zoo.

Household tasks can wait, but not the hour
The butterfly unfolds its drying wings;
The day spring orchards are in perfect flower;
The forenoon when the Pussy proudly brings
Her family for inspection. Let us take
Full time to savor these for memory's sake.

We Wished Aunt Ruth Would Marry

Amy Viau

WE all hoped and prayed that Aunt Ruth would marry. We knew she must be very lonely in the big old home place, at the edge of town, now that Grandmother had gone. She had given years of devotion and care to Grandmother—and believe me, Grandmother was a care, adamant in her decisions and wants.

Aunt Ruth deserved some happiness in life and companionship. I asked her outright why she didn't marry John Hennesy, a bachelor banker in town, who not only seemed nice but had asked her to marry him.

"Really, Betty! Why would I marry John, even though I am forty and never likely to get another chance?"

"But he's nice-looking—tall and polite, Aunt Ruth."

Aunt Ruth was tall, too.

"I know, Betty, but his height hasn't much with it that I'd want. Say, Tom looked nice in that brown shirt he wore Sunday when you stopped by. It matched his eyes."

When she changed the subject to my husband that way, I had to stop talking of John Hennesy.

Tom and I had planned to take a trip back to his old home in Canada in early March, and after I was home, thinking over my visit with Aunt Ruth, I had a sudden gleam which I felt would lighten the whole situation, if I could work my plan. Tom and I decided to take Aunt Ruth to Canada with us and see what might happen. Getting her to go we figured would be the first and biggest hurdle, perhaps.

While visiting Tom's home on the farm the previous year, Tom had introduced me to a neighbor farmer—a bachelor of English descent. This Ronald Ross had lived as a neighbor to the French farmers long enough to have acquired some of their joviality and love of fun. My husband, French Canadian himself, liked Ross as well as I did, and was eye-to-eye with me as to making a match between him and Aunt Ruth. Because I liked him so much, and because Aunt Ruth and I were somewhat alike in our tastes, I was excited and hopeful about our plan.

I approached Aunt Ruth on the subject of going as though the idea had just struck me.

"Say—Aunt Ruth, you haven't ever traveled on a plane, have you? Why, I don't believe you've even gone on a trip farther than five hundred miles from home."

"You needn't beat around the bush, Betty. If you and Tom want me to take the trip to Canada with you, I'd be delighted to go—and pay my own expenses."

Those blue eyes of hers looked calm enough in their expression as she looked at me, but I wondered if Aunt Ruth didn't know me and my inner thought processes much better than I knew hers.

AUNT Ruth bought new clothes, visited the beauty salon, and revived her youthfulness to a degree that worried me a little. Maybe she wouldn't look at Farmer Ross.

"Of course they don't go in for too much style, there on the farm, Aunt Ruth," I remarked casually.

"What's to keep me from going into Montreal, once in a while? I've always thought that was quite a place for shows, concerts, and the like."

"Well, maybe you're right. Seems to me I did hear Mr. Ross, a neighbor to Tom's folks, speak of going into Montreal to some sort of concert, last winter. He's a bachelor, too."

She was trying on the jacket to the dark blue suit she had just bought, and it did a lot for her. Aunt Ruth was rather a jacket-suit type, though she was feminine and dainty.

"If that suit doesn't draw you a man, Auntie, men aren't what I think they are."

"I'm not going on a 'drawing' trip of that kind or any special kind. I'm just going to enjoy myself," she retorted.

TOM'S brother met us in Montreal. He drove a horse hitched to a two-seat sleigh, for Canada was snowbound. I had ridden in the sleigh the year before, and was delighted with it. Aunt Ruth was as pleased as I. She had never before ridden in a sleigh, nor behind a horse, for that matter.

When we reached the old home and went inside, Aunt Ruth was too delighted to keep back her exclamations of praise. She exclaimed over the rag carpets, hand-woven by Tom's mother, and the spinning wheel beside the large wood stove in the big kitchen.

"I can just see what Aunt Ruth will do to that house of Ronald's," I remarked to my husband that night.

"I wouldn't count too much on that, yet, honey."

"But I am counting on it, so there!"

"He may not take to her, you know, being set and English as he is."

"Take to her! Say, Tommy Beteau, any old bachelor would be tickled to get a chance to take her. But I'm not too sure she'll look at him. That's my worry."

Both of us meant it, and that's why we laughed so hard, after we'd stated our hopes and fears for Ronald and Ruth.

A party was planned for Saturday night. Tom's folks always asked the whole neighborhood in, when we visited. They would sit up and play games until late at night, and then serve refreshments and finish the evening with music and conversation.

Aunt Ruth put on her best black dress, with her pearl necklace and earrings for the occasion. She looked almost too formal, I feared, for the eyes of plain country folks, but I hadn't the heart to suggest it to her. And when Ronald Ross came in, just an hour ahead of the assembling time, I was upset.

When I introduced them, I was expecting her attitude to be one of polite indifference. But it wasn't at all. Instead, she treated him as though he were the gentleman of

her choice. As for him, it was evident that he was taken with Aunt Ruth.

Then Mr. Ross explained that he had not come to stay for the party and wanted the party to come to his house, instead. He said his sister had died a year ago and his brother-in-law had just arrived at his house with the three children. They were all too young to take to a party. He had had a hard time to find a good housekeeper, so Ronald was going to try and help him by taking some care of the children.

"Quite a considerate man—that Ronald Ross! It isn't many who would help a brother-in-law with his children, that way," Aunt Ruth remarked as we were putting on our coats.

"That's right, Aunt Ruth. Tom says Ross is an all-around fine fellow." I added my bit of praise gladly.

THE party, with the pies and cakes we transferred over to the Ross place, was a success. Though Aunt Ruth didn't speak nor understand a word of French, she seemed to love the broken English the neighbors tried to speak in their friendliness toward her. She even tried to pronounce a few French words herself and laughed a great deal, especially at the French brother-in-law's mix-up of French and English words.

"My sister could speak French as well as the English," Ronald explained, "so Jean is still mastering the English, as you see."

It was a lovely party, and Aunt Ruth was anxious to talk about it when we got back.

"Ronald is so kind and helpful to that man, Betty. And poor Jean seems almost helpless about caring for the children. Really, he doesn't appear nearly as old as Ronald—but Ronald says he is."

She sighed as she glanced at me.

"But, you'll have to admit, Aunt Ruth, Ross is exceptional, and don't be too hard on poor Jean," I added, looking at her doubtfully.

During the ten days of our visit, Ronald Ross came for Aunt Ruth, sometime during each day, and drove her over to his house in his sleigh. But he never left his brother-in-law and the children alone for any length of time. And Ruth was always ready to go with him, dressed in neat, good clothes, but in none of the new ones she had bought. The new clothes hung neatly over the back of a chair in her bedroom, upstairs. But she had never looked prettier, even in her old clothes. When I suggested that we all take a trip into Montreal, Aunt Ruth refused without the least apology.

"Have you ever seen a plan work more successfully than this one of ours about marrying Aunt Ruth to Ronald Ross?" I asked my husband one evening near the end of our visit.

Tom answered skeptically—to tease me, I thought.

"Don't plan on a wedding just yet, honey, you may be disappointed."

"Well, if there isn't a wedding, I'll decide I've been a failure, but the compass of love is pointing that way."

"Failures aren't the worst people to live with, I've heard," he answered, without further explanation.

A few days later Tom helped Aunt Ruth and me into the plane, for we were starting for home. After the plane had taken off, I remarked to Aunt Ruth that I imagined she hated to leave Canada and her new friends so soon.

"Yes, Betty. I really do. They're such honest, sincere people. And I want you and Tom to know I think Ronald Ross is as fine as you said—maybe finer."

I didn't try questioning her, though I was dying to know if she was engaged to Ronald, for she was uncommunicative always about her personal affairs. But I glanced at the third finger on her left hand just the same. It would have been possible that Ronald had given her a family ring, his mother's, perhaps, to seal the promise. But her finger was free of a ring.

However, the third day, after we were home, Aunt Ruth phoned and asked me over to her house for lunch.

"I have something rather important to talk with you about, Betty."

I hadn't the least doubt as to what she wanted to say. It would be about her marriage, of course.

After I had arrived at Aunt Ruth's, it was all I could do to restrain my eager inquiry, but Aunt Ruth liked restraint.

We had hardly more than sat down to lunch before she told me, "Betty, I'm going to be married."

Oh, Aunt Ruth, that's wonderful! We'll all be so glad. And I think he's just wonderful, too."

"Well, he's pretty nice, and I'll try to make him a good wife."

"Oh, you will, Aunt Ruth, you will." There was no need for me to conceal my happiness. My plan had worked out, after all.

"Thanks, Betty. I hope everything has turned out as you planned and wanted it."

She smiled at me with tenderness, and I felt very guilty, somehow, but immensely successful.

"But Aunt Ruth, all that we—that I ever wanted was for you to be happily married as you deserve to be."

"Well—since it's turned out that way, we are all going to be happy. Now tell me how I can fix this old house and make it livable."

"*This* house?"

I was so surprised I wondered if she had really said "This old house." Surely she must have worked some magic to pull that Englishman from his roots for transplanting out here. Or—of course, she probably meant to condition the house for renting.

"You, you mean you're going to rent this place, Aunt Ruth?"

"No, I'm going to live here, of course. I think we'll all be quite comfortable, here."

"Well, maybe he'll have some suggestions. But how on earth did you ever get that Englishman to decide to forsake his acres for this country?"

Aunt Ruth, for a moment, looked as astonished as I felt. Then she settled back in her chair contentedly.

"Oh, my goodness, Betty, you're all mixed up. It's *Jean* I'm marrying, not Ronald. And it will be much better for the children here."

Almost—almost, I wished we had never planned to marry off Aunt Ruth!

Utah's Archland

Willard Luce

IF you really want something different in the form of scenery, you might try the Arches National Monument near Moab, Utah.

Located in the heart of Utah's red rock country, the Monument contains eighty-eight known arches, numerous caves, pinnacles, monoliths, balanced rocks, and sandstone "fins." Some of the arches are no larger than an average window. One, the Landscape Arch, is so large that the Salt Lake City Tabernacle could be placed beneath it, long ways, with room to spare! Several other arches are large enough to circle the Bureau of Information on Temple Square.

The Monument has been divided into five sections. Each is different, with its own personality, its own character. Each is alive with interest, with variations in color, in shape, and size of its formations. Each will fascinate you, charm you, and call you back, again and again.

The Windows section is the best known and most publicized. It has been accessible longer and is sometimes mistakenly considered as being the Arches National Monument. It is reached over ten miles

Willard Luce

THE TURRET ARCH
Located in the Windows Section, Arches National Monument

Willard Luce

THE DOUBLE ARCH
Located in the Windows Section, Arches National Monument

of graded road, Utah 93, which leaves U. S. highway 160 about fourteen miles northwest of Moab. A two-mile hike at the end takes you to such well-known formations as the Parade of Elephants, Cove of Caves, Double Arch, Turret Arch, and the North and South Windows. Most of the arches here are immense, having been worn away from gigantic blocks of red Entrada sandstone.

Best known, possibly, of all the arches, is the Double Arch, originally called the Jughandles. Two spans of stone start from the same apex and arch gracefully outward in different directions. The larger opening is 157 feet high and 163 feet across. The walls of the Salt Lake Temple are only ten and one-half feet higher, and twenty-three and a half feet longer! Beneath these arches are pinon pine and Utah cedar, yucca, and prickly pear; their green making a sharp and brilliant contrast with the red sandstone. And, somehow, in this red country, the sky always seems a deeper, stronger blue. It is a rugged country, one of sharp and violent contrasts.

The road also reaches into the Delicate Arch and the Devil's Garden sections of the Monument. The first is northeast of the Windows; the second, northwest.

The Delicate Arch can first be seen from the bottom of a canyon. It stands on the skyline atop a thousand foot cliff of solid sandstone. From below it looks small and delicate; but not when one is close to it.

It can be reached only by a two-mile trail, most of which twists and winds over a steep field of slickrock —Navajo sandstone. The arch comes in view rather suddenly and seems surprisingly large after the view of it from below. Beyond it is the Colorado River gorge and beyond that the shimmering blue of the La Sal Mountains.

THE largest section, and in many ways the most interesting, is the Devil's Garden. Of the eighty-eight known arches in the Monument, seventy of them are here. Here also are the sandstone "fins," long, narrow slabs of sandstone, standing on their sides. They often reach a height of 300 feet and run parallel for twenty miles, broken here and there with open spaces. Between these again are found the pinon pine and the Utah cedar, the yucca and the prickly pear, Brigham tea, and turquoise sage. Here are the sand and the lizards; and above, endlessly circling, are the hawks and the giant black crows.

Again, there is a two-mile hike to see the important features of the area. These include the Landscape Arch, already mentioned, the Pine Tree Arch, Double-O Arch, and Fin Canyon. Skyline Arch can be seen from the road.

There is no road into either the Klondike Bluffs or Courthouse Towers sections; but the four-mile hike into the former and the two-mile hike into the latter are well worth taking. Parts of Klondike Bluffs and parts of the Devil's Garden haven't been thoroughly explored. So, with all that is strange and different today in the Arches National Monument, there will be even more tomorrow, as men and roads reach out farther and farther into the unknown.

The scenery of the Arches is not only different, it is beautiful, colorful, and somehow breath-taking and unbelievable. It is a place to see and see again.

Oasis of Home

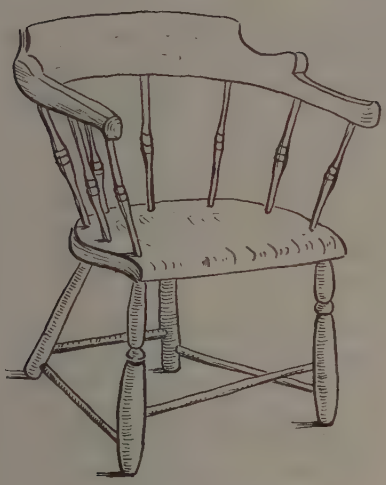
Mabel Law Atkinson

The home
Our childhood knew
Becomes a cool oasis
Where we return, to be refreshed,
From deserts of disappointment.

By Early Candlelight

V. A Parlor of the Pioneer Home

Bonnie A. Kesler
Illustrations by the author



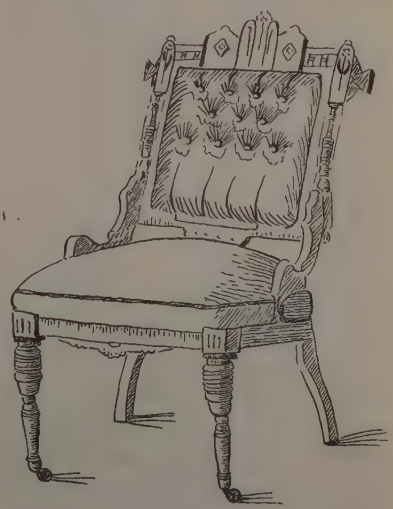
CONGRESS CHAIR

HYRUM and Annie were happy and proud, indeed, when finally their home had a room that they neither cooked nor slept in. It was a room for entertaining on very special days; at other times the door was not only closed, but it was sometimes locked.

This room had another luxury that the other rooms did not have—there was a rug on the floor! Annie and her daughters had ripped their worn-out clothing into one-inch strips, sewed them end to end, and wound them into balls. Then they had taken the balls to a sister on the other side of town who owned a loom and had their rags woven into strips of carpeting.

Annie had fifty to sixty yards woven at a time, then she would sew the strips of carpeting together to fit the room. Each fall, after threshing time, they would take the tacks out of the carpet, remove all the straw underneath, and burn it, then put new, clean straw under the carpeting again. This padding prevented wear on the carpet over the comparatively rough pine floor, and was softer to walk on. After the new straw was put under and the carpet tacked down, all the children in the neighborhood wanted to come and lie down on the soft floor.

The neighbors who could not have carpets had their pine floors scraped smooth and rubbed with oil, and some of them were stained.



CLEGHORN'S CHAIR

SAMPLER

The walls of Annie's parlor were plastered, then whitewashed. A mixture of lime and water was brushed onto the walls to color them white. It was not a washable finish, but until paint was available, whitewashing was the main method of redecorating the walls and ceiling.

The windows were long and narrow, with a sill at least a foot wide, because of the thick walls. The thickness of such walls, twelve to eighteen inches, accounted for the cool rooms in the summer, and the warmth in winter. Around the walls, next to the floor, was a baseboard, about twelve to fourteen inches high.

Of course, the parlor had a fireplace and a mantle. It was quite common to have a fireplace in each end of the parlor.

In the center of Annie's parlor stood a table with a pedestal in its center and three ball-shaped, horizontal legs. There was a ladder-back rocker, with a seat of rawhide, and a similar rocker with a rush seat. Cattail or rush for weaving into seats was practical and suitable for the purpose, because being a long, grass-like plant, when twisted and woven, it became very sturdy. And it was available.

A cupboard, built from a packing box and covered with material from the ample folds of calico skirts, made welcome shelf space. Built-in shelves in the corners held books and other treasures brought from their former homes and carefully carried across the plains.

Annie saved until she could buy a couch made in one of the local woodwork shops, a type known as the "Mormon" couch. It could be converted into a full size bed after removing the cushions and drawing the front board forward, bringing another set of board slats with it. Her couch had been painted to simulate black walnut, by dragging and rocking a grooved tool through the wet stain or varnish, which gave the appearance of the grain in hard-

wood. A very good effect was obtained.

Annie had no roll-up window blinds, and curtains were scarce, but finally she had handmade lace curtains in the parlor as well as in the bedroom.

A very comfortable chair placed by Hyrum's and Annie's fireplace in the parlor was a "Congress" chair, having a low back and side arms. For sewing, this was a favorite chair.

When a quilt was on the frame in the middle of the room, it was in the way between quiltings, so, as usual, Hyrum devised a plan to get around the problem without upsetting Annie's plans. He put four hooks in the ceiling and tied strong cord to the corners of the quilting frame. Then they could draw the quilt up to the ceiling hooks and out of the way until the women wanted to work on it again, then all they had to do was untie the cords and lower the frame.

Hyrum, like the other men, kept his gun handy, and loaded. Familiar over the door or the mantle in the parlor were the powder horn and gun. The horn was hollowed out and a leather stopper was made for the end. When in use, it was hung over the shoulder by a strap, and in it was kept the powder used in loading the gun. The powder was measured in a small cartridge-like cup, poured into the muzzle of the gun, then a small wad of paper was gently but firmly pushed down with a rod which swung around on a swivel under the point of the gun. A measured amount of shot (ammunition about the size of today's buckshot) was then poured in, and another wad of paper tamped in to hold the shot in place. Hyrum carried his shot in a small canvas bag. With this slow, tedious method of loading, careful aim was taken before firing a gun. It had to be kept in a convenient place, because it was so much in demand, both for protection, and for securing meat. However, it was hung up high enough to be out of the reach of the children.

One night at a home wedding re-

PEDESTAL TABLE AND CHAIRS

"MORMON" STUDIO COUCH

ception, for the first time in the valley, Annie saw a real parlor sofa, with four chairs to match, upholstered in black satin and red velvet. What a joy it was to see fine things being manufactured in their own territory! Also, in that home, were a walnut pedestal table, with a shallow walnut skirt around the top, and matching chairs, upholstered in velvet.

Another piece of furniture in the parlor, which Annie wanted a long time before they could afford it, was a piano or an organ, with its bench or stool to match. When they finally bought an organ, the girls took lessons and were soon able to play the dear, familiar hymns while the family gathered around and sang.

All Annie's girls made samplers for the parlor. They were hand-embroidered, framed, and carried a warm, friendly, and often sentimental message, such as: "What Is Home Without Baby?" "Welcome All," "Home, Sweet Home," "God Bless Our Happy Home," and others. The samplers were hung over the doors, and between the windows.

Annie's parlor was the scene of happy times at Christmas. They passed around candy canes made of molasses or honey taffy, cookies made of slightly sweetened dough, cut in all sorts of animal shapes, and fluffy popcorn balls, for popcorn could be raised in one season. Treats were rare, however, and were received with joy by the grateful family and their friends.

The very furnishings in the parlor were treated almost with reverence by both parents and children. Annie's home, with the parlor, was two stories high, the bedrooms being upstairs. After a busy day, Hyrum called the family together and they all bent down on their knees to give thanks for their blessings, then with a candle to light the way, they climbed the high stairs which carried them up and away from their best room.

Anyone Can Make a Feather Quilt

Marijane Morris

FOR a new thrill in creativeness, with emphasis on the practical side, find those feathers you have been storing out in the garage or down in the basement and make a delightful feather quilt.

If you were able to talk to a sparkling lady in Perry, Utah, Mrs. Ruth Barnard, who has made more feather quilts than she can remember, you would be so enthusiastic you couldn't wait to get one started. She first adventured into this unique quiltmaking project when a Scotch friend of hers, knowing she had some feathers tucked away, wanted to buy some. Mrs. Barnard laughingly remembers the first quilts she and her friend made—the hard way. Now, many years and many quilts later, she has evolved a method whereby anyone can make a feather quilt in two afternoons.

A minimum of effort and material is required to produce a quilt that is light, durable, and warm enough to guarantee a complete new sleeping experience. One of its most valuable characteristics is that a feather quilt provides adjustment to individual bodily temperature, even though people of different natures are sharing its comfort.

But to do and be all the things mentioned, the entire quilt, feathers and material, must not weigh over five and one-half pounds.

For the cover, any material that is featherproof is acceptable. A material recommended is Bohemian-type cotton ticking, because it is closely woven and finely twisted. This helps to make it featherproof— and featherproof it must be! However, if obtainable, there is a featherproof sateen that makes a lovely quilt. The Bohemian ticking comes in plain colors, usually pale, or a dainty floral, or stripes.

For a quilt seventy-two inches wide and two and one-half yards long, ten yards of material are necessary.

Domestic or wild fowl feathers may be used. Should you desire to wash the feathers, they can be cleaned by putting them in a cloth sack and washing them automatically. This technique applies to the completed quilt, also. It is not advisable to wring the feathers or quilt through a wringer. It is also suggested that twice as much soap be used for feather washing, as for ordinary suds.

To begin the feather quilt construction, cut your ten yards of material in two. That will give you two, five-yard lengths, thirty-six inches wide. Sew these lengths together to make the seventy-two-inch width, then fold lengthwise. You now have the covering, top and bottom, for your quilt, with one end closed (the fold), and one end open. Turn under the edges of the quilt at the open end and pin.

This next step is important. It insures a smooth, even quilt, free from puckers or tucks. On the sewing machine stitch up the center of the quilt. Use for all your sewing ordinary sewing thread number fifty or sixty. Do not puncture your material any more than necessary, so as to protect its featherproofness. After making the center seam, and parallel to it, chalk off and pin, from the center both ways, six-inch wide strips. Turn under the edges and stitch together at each side. On this size quilt, there should be approximately eleven strips. These strips will form the long narrow tubes,

MAKING A FEATHER QUILT

Melissa Gilbert assists her aunt, Mrs. Ruth Barnard, in distributing feathers into the pockets of a feather quilt. The feathers are being sucked from the box by the vacuum and blown into a pocket of the quilt. The pocket of the quilt has been attached to the vacuum after the vacuum bag has been removed.

* * * * *

or pockets, for the feathers. This sewing from the center out will "square the quilt." This will also make the side seams true.

Weigh your material carefully.

If you have three pounds of material you will need no more than two and one-half pounds of feathers. Strange as it seems, less feathers make a warmer quilt. For instance, eight pounds of feathers would not be as warm as three.

After you have worked with the feathers, you will be able to tell when you have enough in each pocket, but until you do know quite accurately, it is best to weigh the feathers and divide them correctly. For example, if you have eleven pockets to fill, it will take approximately three and three-fourths ounces of feathers to a strip or pocket.

The feathers go into the quilt next. You can use any bag type vacuum cleaner. Remove the bag, attach an open end of a quilt pocket to the vacuum. The feathers can be sucked and blown into the pocket. A word of caution: do not suck them too fast or they will clog. The feathers can be handled easily if placed in a pasteboard box. If you do not have a vacuum, the feathers can be put in the pockets by hand, and the quilt shaken to distribute them evenly.

All eleven pockets should be filled with feathers. You are then ready to finish the quilt by sewing across the width the same way you sewed the length, beginning with the center of the quilt. This time mark the strips with chalk about eight inches wide from the center.

In sewing the width or length, the quilt may be rolled and the bulk of the roll placed under the head of the machine. Then work out the sections to the left. Or, if you desire, to get away from working with too much bulk, the quilt can be made a half at a time.

A sleeping bag may be made by folding a feather quilt lengthwise and sewing on a sleeping bag zipper.

If a satin cover is preferred, it can be sewed to the basic featherproof material during the initial process, or later, when the quilt is finished.

Fun for Children on the Trip

Ruth K. Kent

SOMETIMES it is necessary to take children on a long trip by car. Riding gets monotonous for them unless there is interesting scenery to watch. Then is the time for mother or daddy, or both, to play the "house game" with them.

The game is started by someone saying, "The next house we pass will be daddy's." The children sit or stand still, watching for some sight of a building—cabins, sheds, tents, just anything with a roof on counts as a house.

Then Tommy spies an old, broken-down barn. "Look, daddy's house!" he shouts. Everyone laughs at daddy's house.

The next place is going to be mamma's. The children watch until Suzanne cries, "Look, that beautiful white house is mamma's!"

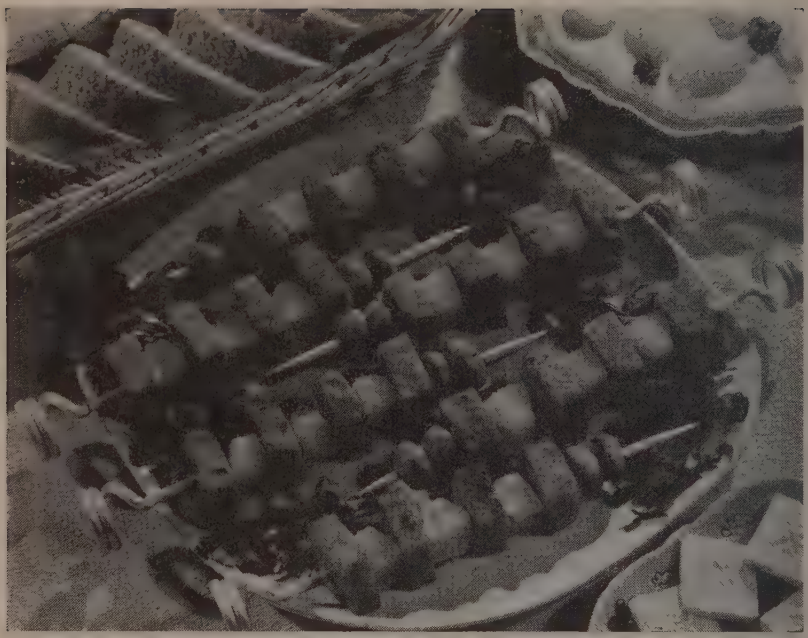
And the children are happy that mamma has such a beautiful house. In fact, they will spend a lot of time talking about it, even planning on living there with mamma.

The next house is Kathy's, and she spies it herself. "Just look at my place!" she laughs. It is a deserted roadside stand made in the shape of an orange. "Oh, well," she comforts herself, "I'll live on orange juice."

Sometimes it is a long drive between "houses" as we travel through rolling farm land, through deserts, sometimes through woods, all of which become tiresome to the children. But when they are watching for something, they forget themselves and sit still.

When a house is found for each member of the family, then each may decide to move and start over again. This time daddy may trade his old barn for a nice red brick farmhouse. Mamma may not do so well. She may get only a water tank, and how the children will laugh! There is always something about farms, buildings, and cabins to cause a lot of interesting and informative conversation. Incidentally, the children are not only playing a game, but they are gathering knowledge as well. They are seeing many interesting sights that would have passed unnoticed if they had not been watching. They are having fun *together*. They are interested and happy.

And mother and daddy are having a pleasant and peaceful trip!



HAM-PINEAPPLE BROCHETTES

Courtesy National Cotton Council

1 12-ounce can chopped ham, or left-over baked ham
1 14-ounce can pineapple chunks
1 7-ounce can mushroom caps
3 tablespoons melted shortening

Cut ham into ½-inch slices. Cut each slice into 1-inch squares. Drain pineapple and mushrooms. On large metal skewers "string" a cube of ham then a chunk of pineapple. Alternate ham and pineapple until there are 4 pieces of ham and 3 of pineapple on each skewer. Then slip 2 or 3 mushroom caps on end of each skewer. Brush all over with melted margarine. Lay skewers across shallow pan and broil under moderate heat until lightly browned. Turn skewers to brown under side of meat. Serve hot, with creamed onions and French bread or hard rolls.

(Makes 6 servings)

Forest Foxgloves

Vesta Nickerson Lukei

Spires of
Pendant purple
Bells against the shadowed
Green add beauty . . . but never sound
Of chimes.

A Time to Forget

CHAPTER 12 (*Conclusion*)

Fay Tarlock

SERENA looked at the knotty pine walls, so newly varnished, and at the big fireplace with the deer antlers over it. "Isn't it wonderful?" she whispered to David. "It has everything a scout needs."

"I wish the Meadtown scouts could see this." There was awe in David's voice.

"Ah, Brother Trejeda, you've brought us a scout." It was Mr. Andrews, the personal friend of Luis.

Luis swelled into something resembling a puff ball. With a bow, he introduced Serena and David and trotted off to find the scoutmaster. From the scout men's smiles, Serena knew Luis had forewarned them. Soon it was arranged and David was in the scout hall, surrounded by a crowd of boys.

In the chapel again Serena took a rear seat. A young woman with an interesting face was talking about the musical history of her home town, a village in Arizona. She described the folk songs of the pioneers, and, without a trace of self-consciousness, sat down to the piano and sang a song that had been inspired by the history of the settlement. Turning about on the stool, she told the story of the first organized Church choir.

Serena was fascinated. She knew stories like that, from her grandmother, who had heard them from survivors of the Oregon Trail. David would like those stories.

Serena waited for Jeff that night. He came home at midnight, weary of the verbosity of men at night, glad for the cup of chocolate she had ready.

"I had fun," Serena said, sitting opposite him and eager to include him in her warm memories of the evening. "I danced, Jeff. Can you imagine it?"

"Where?" He was more than curious.

"In the social hall of Luis' church. The dance started right after the meeting; a girl played the piano, and there was a boy who was a wonder on his accordion. I never thought of dancing, but David was busy with the scoutmaster; so I peeked in. And now," her mirth was mounting, "this is the incredible part." She laughed, remembering.

"The music had just started, a waltz. I saw Luis come in through another door. He rushed up to me, bowed almost to the floor, and asked me to waltz."

"No!" Jeff didn't believe it.

Serena laughed. "You know how Luis was, all shined up. He took so much time getting ready I had to wash the dishes alone. For a second I didn't know what to do—I'd never thought of Luis as a dancing partner, but I smiled back. And there we were whirling, and I mean whirling, I looking dizzily over his head. I tell you we were the fanciest couple on the floor."

"Well, what do you know!" Jeff said it in admiration.

"But I've only begun to tell you." She moved her chair closer to the table. "The best part was the square dancing. The first one was a Virginia reel. Luis danced it with one of the sisters he talks so much about. I was standing by the wall having a wonderful time just looking, when one of the men . . ."

"Was he a young man?" Jeff's voice was severe.

"Oh, quite. He came up and said, 'My name's John Clark. I haven't been introduced to you, but we're all brothers and sisters here together. May I have this dance?' "

SERENA continued, "He asked me which ward I was from, and I never got to ask him what he meant, for we had to change partners. After that, Mr. Andrews, that's the scout executive and the personal friend of Luis, asked me for the next dance, some kind of a polka. I'd be there yet, it was so much fun, but David came in, his eyes bigger than your cup. I got Luis and we came home."

"Do they dance every Tuesday?" Jeff asked it thoughtfully.

"Not always, Luis says, but quite often. We'll go sometime, won't we?"

"Yes we will," Jeff said, rising and stretching, "if you'll go to bed now."

Lying awake in the cool September darkness she tried to understand why the evening had meant so much to her. There had been the years following Jim's death when she had been neither young nor old, but living in a kind of twilight. Then had come the few enchanted weeks in Mexico and the return home to find herself the mother of a puzzling, growing boy, and the wife of an older man. Groping for her way among Jeff's friends, who all seemed so staid and old, she had never expected to be young again. Tonight, she had been casual and lighthearted, almost as if she were among old friends.

During the week she took David to be outfitted. "Oh, boy," he boasted as he tried on the uniform for his pleased father, "I can get off the requirements for a first class scout in six months if I really work."

"Take it easy, Son," his father advised. "There's a little too much camping for us to get done before the rains start. Let's get to the rope knots so you can pass your tenderfoot test next time."

Tuesday night David was master of the knots, but Jeff had another meeting at the county seat. Again Luis sat with Serena as they went to *Mutual*, as Luis called it. This time Serena was no stranger. She was greeted by hearty handshakes, and if her name was unknown to some, she was called simply *Sister*.

Several weeks passed and Jeff had not made good his promise. The walnut season, late this year, found all the nuts ready at once. The threatened labor shortage did not quite materialize, though Serena drove to the Valley Oaks employment office each morning to make sure there was help.

Never, Jeff said, had he seen such a collection. Men of many races and colors came from the nearby industrial towns to work on their free days or off hours.

JEFF had a special crew to handle the walnut huller. He taught Serena the special skills, and in emergencies she took over. Many times she got up in the starry darkness to make certain the gas heat was properly functioning. The walnut meats were drier this year, the shells thinner. Too much heat would ruin the nuts.

After school David worked at picking. Between sacks, he would help Johnny with the knot tests. Serena heard them talking of coming hikes and what they would cook for their first outdoor meal.

Luis worked throughout the harvest. Jeff let him quit an hour earlier on Tuesdays to get ready for the meetings.

"Meeses, some day you keep promise and came to the Sunday meeting?" he reminded her as he stood before her freshly bathed and shaved ready to leave.

"As soon as I can get Jeff to come with me," she promised.

Luis shook his head gloomily. "Better you come alone than wait always," he muttered as he went out the door.

The last Sunday in October Jeff's orchards had shed their nuts, and he had shaken the neighboring orchards. There had been a rain midweek, accompanied by high winds; the nuts that had stubbornly resisted the shaker lay bare and brown on the moist earth. A whole crew of men and women from Jeff's cottages had completed the gleaning.

"What luxury!" Jeff leaned back in his chair after he had finished his sausages and wheatcakes, "a whole Sunday to rest and be with you all day." He picked up the Sunday paper. "I'm going to sit in the sun until a breeze comes up, then I'm going to make a fire in the fireplace."

Serena was at the sink, and David was on the screen porch, practicing signaling. Without looking up from the silver she was washing, she spoke.

"Do you know, Jeff, for a long time we've promised Luis we'd go to church with him some Sunday morning . . . Sunday School he calls it, though it seems that adults go too."

"Not this Sunday. Some time later."

"I think we should go, Jeff." She was drying the silver, and her voice was intentionally careless. "If only to show our appreciation for David."

Jeff heard wih one ear. "Oh, sure, we'll go some Sunday." He turned a page.

DAVID came in from the porch, dropped his flag, and, leaning against his father, began reading with him.

There was an inscrutable smile on Serena's face, unnoticed by either of her men. Suddenly all wide-eyed, as if the idea were newly come, she turned to David. "How would you like for dad and me to take you over to Luis' church this morning instead of having Luis drop you off in town for your Sunday School? It would be fun, all going together."

"It would be fun." He cast a doubtful eye at his father, still deep in the paper. "Do you think he'll come?"

Serena polished off a breakfast plate, then she winked at David, a delightful, secret wink. "Suppose you wipe for me, while I finish washing and cleaning up. That will give us plenty of time to get dressed."

When they were almost through, Jeff started for the east terrace, paper in hand, his eyes an invitation for her to join him.

"You'll have to sit there by yourself this morning," she said with cheerful unconcern. "David and I are going to church with Luis . . . of course we'd like you to come too. You've just got time to shave and dress."

It was as easy as that, and she had delayed it so long! She dressed with a feeling of excitement, choosing her new red knitted dress with the black-lined stole and hat. Like Luis, she must array herself in her best.

Luis had Jeff's big car in front. "Please," he pointed to the wheel.

Jeff smiled assent and settled comfortably in the back seat with Serena.

Grandly Luis opened the car door for them at the church door. "Thees way," he admonished them, walking very straight among the groups on the steps. In the foyer he led them straight to a tall, fair, and youngish-looking man with an intelligent face and a slow smile, like Jeff's.

"The bishop," he announced. "Bishop Webster, my padrone and hees wife."

The big man smiled. "I know who you folks are," he said, shaking hands. "Our Brother Trejeda here has been talking about you for a long time. I'm delighted that he has finally persuaded you to come. Brother Trejeda," and he patted the proud Luis on the back, "is one of our righthand men. We're all proud of him."

SERENA smiled fondly at Luis. "He is our righthand man, too." She liked the bishop, a man of warmth and sincerity.

David, who had been standing close, saw one of his friends of Tuesday night and rushed to a section where the boys sat in their Sunday best, their hair neatly combed and glistening.

Serena listened to the preliminary music. Never before had she seen such participation in worship. She was tense waiting to see what would happen next, and how. Soon she and Jeff were part of the group in a nearby room. A young man, not much older than she was the leader. Like the bishop, he gave out a feeling of robust health and well-being.

To Jeff's consternation and her amusement in the classroom, the leader said good morning and asked them to tell who they were and whence they came.

"We're not from any ward," Serena said, smiling, after Jeff had reluctantly announced himself, "we just came over from Meadtown because we liked what we found in your Tuesday night meetings."

As the class progressed slowly back to the chapel, the leader caught up with them and shook hands. "I want you to meet one of our missionaries," he said and signaled to a young man watching them. It was a Jack Burke whom Serena had met at Mutual.

"Are you an investigator, Mrs.

Landeau?" the young man asked as he shook her hand.

Serena's laugh was spontaneous. "Please don't call me that . . . rather say that I'm an earnest seeker."

"We call anyone who is interested in our Church an investigator, and my companion and I would be glad to call on you and your husband any time you care to have us."

Serena waited for Jeff's answer, her arm tight against his. Was his reply never coming? She held to the smile on her face.

Then Jeff said at last, "We'll be glad to have you come." His words had a sincere ring.

It was her turn now. "We'll be waiting for you," she said warmly. *Waiting*, the word gave her the cue to her thoughts.

Back in the chapel, the Sunday School superintendent announced the parting song, finishing with, "Brother Trejeda will give the benediction."

Serena's and Jeff's eyes sought Luis, who sat in a section across the aisle. He looked as if a great honor had come to him. His whole body seemed lambent.

Then Serena found herself participating in the closing song. Jeff was singing too.

Oh, Zion! dear Zion! home of the free
Though thou wert forced to fly to thy chambers on high,
Yet we'll share joy and sorrows with thee.

Here our voices we'll raise,
And we'll sing to thy praise,
Sacred home of the prophets of God . . . .

SERENA could feel cool, thin air of the mountains. She breathed the odor of the pines, and about her were the tumbling and crashing of a mountain stream. "Oh Zion! dear Zion! land of the free," she sang with sweet fervor. ". . . All thy rights we'll defend, and our home shall be ever with thee."

Did Jeff feel the same thing she had? Zion was the home of the heart. For a few pulsating moments she had found it.

The song over, she looked again at Luis. He was no stranger to prayer, but would he find it easy?

Confidently Luis walked forward, his head raised. In front of the pulpit he bowed his head, closed his eyes, and prayed fervently.

As they made their way to their car, Luis came hurrying toward them, his brown face creased in smiles. "Meeses . . ." he hesitated and bowed, "ees all right if I not return until night? My seestar, my brother," he waved towards a young couple who stood surrounded by children, smiling expectantly, "they eenvite me to their house today. Ees all right?" He looked up at Serena.

She was beginning to understand what Sunday meant to him. "That's fine, Luis," she smiled her approval.

On the first part of the way home, except for David's comments from the back seat, they were silent, each one deep in his own thoughts. After a while Serena looked at Jeff, and, making her voice casual, asked, "How did you like it?"

For a moment Jeff kept his eyes straight on the cement, his lips tight in the October sun. "It had a certain lofty quality," he said finally, a smile beginning in his eyes.

It was very important that she and Jeff talk without restraint about

(*Continued on page 431*)

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Amelia P. Gardner

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA MISSION, EUREKA BRANCH AIDS IN TOY RENOVATION PROJECT, December 1952

Left to right: Edith Morley; Mary Smith; Christina Bluke; Lois Rowley, work meeting leader; Ada Bingham; Irene Knight; Lillian Rowley; Wanda Rowley.

Seated at table: Blanche Thevenin, President, Eureka Branch Relief Society.

In this project, the Relief Society sisters renovated old and unwanted toys, the particular work of the sisters being renovation and dressing of the dolls.

Other Relief Society women, not in the picture, who also assisted, were: Pearl Graves, Lucile Dale, Wanda Izatt, Frannie Wahler, Dora Bingham, Grace Smith, Lillie Skipper, Hazel Howard, Maggie Poteet, and Letitia Welch.

Amelia P. Gardner is president of the Northern California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Luella Walker

SOUTH SUMMIT STAKE (UTAH), PEOA WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Left to right Ella M. Guthe (1916-1920); Jane A. Walker (1924-1945); Afton Marchant (1945-1949); Vera Jensen (1949-1951); Thelma S. Maxwell, present president.

Luella Walker is president of South Summit Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Ida A. Gallagher

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH), MURRAY SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS WHO HAVE MADE A 100 PER CENT RECORD FOR SIXTEEN MONTHS

Front row, seated, left to right: Cordelia Vander Meide; Johanna Dubelman; Iola Schindler; Elouise Baker; Therese Johansen, President; Velda Phillips; Ella Eatchel; Eva McCleary.

Second row, standing, left to right: Sarah Wolf; Bessie Stewart; Agnes Graham; Minnie Spelic; Maybelle Plott; Pauline Cox; Maude Spencer; Ardella Butler; Florence Clint; Ruth Thorpe; Heidi Vander Meide.

Back row, standing, left to right: Leila Snarr; Thora Miller; Helen Hoapiiaini; Alta Parr; Vernetta Wintle; Larue Petersen; Arthella Elkins; Edith Madsen; Thelma McCleary.

Ida A. Gallagher is president of Murray Stake Relief Society.

Suggestions on Teaching Aids for 1953–54 Lessons

Leone G. Layton

Member, Relief Society General Board

THE general board encourages the use of such teaching aids as are appropriate for Relief Society. They should add lesson interest, clarify subject matter, aid in remembering, and forward lesson objectives.

In planning for their use we suggest you refer to the article, "The Value and Use of Audio-Visual Aids in Relief Society," published in the January 1953 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*, page 27.

THEOLOGY

We are limited in the use of visual material for our theology lessons. We may however, use the blackboard to good advantage to clarify, emphasize, and help class members to remember facts. The blackboard may also be used in conducting a quick review, listing a name and asking class members to supply facts on his teachings. The message of The Book of Mormon will receive emphasis as we show how each prophet bears witness of the divinity of Christ.

In lessons where we study a number of characters it is especially advisable to write their names, so that the sisters may differentiate between the men and remember something about each one.

Teaching Aids:

Reynolds Chart on The Book of Mormon, $3, Deseret Book Company, 44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Series of Book of Mormon pictures by Arnold Friberg, Jan., Feb., March, and April issues in *The Children's Friend* (for sale at Primary Office, 40 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, four issues for fifty cents—sixty cents postpaid). This series will be continued in *The Children's Friend* later in the year.

WORK MEETING

The opportunities are almost limitless for the use of audio-visual aids to forward the work meeting. Attention-getting posters will help catch interest and inform members of the activities planned for the next work meeting. They are much more effective than the average announcement.

"Doing" skills can be taught by motion pictures, film strips, charts, or blackboard illustrations. Applicable pictures on buying will stimulate interest in the "Family Money Management" lessons.

LITERATURE

There is a wealth of audio-visual aids available to the literature class leader. One may use still pictures of people and places, movie shorts, phonograph records, poems set to music, figurines to create atmos-

phere, posters copied from the clever marginal drawings found in the text, and maps.

Hectograph copies of short poems to be studied may be easily made. (See "Making and Operating a Hectograph," *The Instructor*, April 1953, page 119.) Having copies of the poems in the hands of class members will add greatly to lesson interest and enjoyment.

Because there are so many audio-visual aids available, the difficulty may be to use them to the best advantage. We suggest early planning and discussions in your union meeting departments on desirable selection and use.

Teaching Aids:

Appropriate pictures may be purchased from The Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Massachusetts. Stake educational counselors may send for a catalogue.

Most universities have audio-visual material for rent, such as "Charles Dickens, Background for His Works," a ten-minute movie short. We suggest stake education counselors write to the Audio-Visual Bureau of a nearby university early to ascertain available material listed in their catalogue.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

The 1951-1952 national magazines contained many fine articles and advertisements featuring early American history of the particular period we are to study this coming year. There were many dealing with the theme of freedom and our obligation to preserve it for those who come after us. Pictures of men prominent in this period and of their homes and families, and pictures of places or buildings that have historical significance will add lesson interest.

Teaching Aids:

The National Geographic Magazine has many fine pictures of this nature and as this magazine is saved by most of its subscribers, it should be available in most communities.

Historical pictures are sold by Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Massachusetts, at a small cost.

A map showing the thirteen colonies will be helpful, or you may mark them over any United States map you have. Be sure your map is large enough to be seen by all your group.

Parchment copies suitable for framing of "The Declaration of Independence," "The Constitution of the United States," and the "Bill of Rights" are available at $1.00 a set (3 Documents of Freedom) from Jeff Elliot Craftsmen, Station C, Flushing 67, New York.

Movie shorts may be rented from most university Audio-Visual Bureaus. Inquiry may be made by the stake education counselor directly to a nearby local university.

Long Ago

Wanda G. Nielson

When I was young—once on a time—
My thoughts all charmed me, like a rhyme,
And all I heard and all I knew,
Was sweet as song, and deep as blue.
Each dear object in my home
Stirred with meaning, like a poem;
And outside, the trees and brook
Told me stories, like a book.
And the sky's smooth countenance
Smiled upon my fairy-dance
Across the lawn to garden brown,
Where blossom-maidens floated down
And pansies spoke my native tongue—
Long ago—when I was young.

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Preview of Lessons for 1953-54

Elder Leland H. Monson

THE last lesson of the 1952-53 course of study, lesson sixteen, presented the words of Jacob as recorded by Nephi. Lesson seventeen continues the study of Jacob and of his teachings to his people. In order to give a well-rounded picture of Jacob, class leaders should review with the class, lesson sixteen and co-ordinate it with lesson seventeen.

The series of lessons to be studied this year start with Jacob, brother of Nephi, who with great energy and ability, gave a full measure of devotion to God. It closes with a study of Alma, son of Alma, perhaps the greatest missionary in the one-thousand-year period of Nephite history.

Between the time of the life missions of these two heroic figures lived many individuals, some good, some bad, but all interesting and educative. Class leaders should strive to help Relief Society members become spiritually stronger from the study of these characters.

As we begin a new set of lessons, we ought also to bear in mind that the dominant purpose of The Book of Mormon is to reaffirm and reestablish in the minds of men the fact that Jesus Christ is divine, that he was born of a mortal mother and an immortal father, that he is the Only Begotten Son of God in the flesh. A deep and abiding testimony of this truth is all important to us, for it provides an urgency of application of the principles of the gospel to daily life.

Class leaders should ever be on the alert to utilize The Book of Mormon as a means of strengthening the faith of all Relief Society members in the divinity of Jesus Christ.

The titles and objectives of the eight lessons for 1953-54 and the text references in The Book of Mormon follow:

Lesson 17. *Jacob and His Teachings* (The Book of Jacob)

> Objective: To gain an appreciation for the teaching of Jacob.

Lesson 18. *The Completion of the Small Plates of Nephi* (Enos, Jarom, Omni, Mosiah, chapter 1)

> Objective: to appreciate the value of the characters and teachings of seven prophets, and a king.

Lesson 19. *Teachings of King Ben-*

jamin (Words of Mormon: 12-18; Mosiah, chapters 2-6)

Objective: To learn and apply to ourselves a correct understanding of the teachings of King Benjamin.

Lesson 20. *Ammon and the People of Limhi* (Mosiah, chapters 7-26)

Objective: To give a singular example of how this land of promise was a land of opportunity only so long as the people had faith in Jesus Christ.

Lesson 21. *The Record of Zeniff* (Mosiah, chapters 9-22)

Objective: To show the wisdom of following the admonitions of true prophets.

Lesson 22. *Alma the Elder* (Mosiah, chapters 18, 23-26)

Objective: To show how Alma established The Church of Jesus Christ and the influence and power for good which were exercised by Alma following his repentance.

Lesson 23. *Righteousness and Good Government* (Mosiah, chapters 27-29)

Objective: To explain how spirituality undergirds good government.

Lesson 24. *Alma, Son of Alma* (Alma, chapters 1-8)

Objective: To point out the influence which righteous men can exert in a democracy.

Visiting Teacher Messages

Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Preview of Lessons for 1953-54

Leone O. Jacobs

THE Visiting Teacher Messages for 1953-54 are a continuation of the series "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth," and are selected from the same portion of The Book of Mormon which will be covered by the theology lessons (Jacob—Alma, chapter 8 of The Book of Mormon). This additional study of The Book of Mormon will encourage all the sisters of the Church to become more familiar with this volume of scripture.

As Latter-day Saints, we have in common the most precious possession in the world—the gospel of Jesus Christ. Visiting teachers have the opportunity of discussing the gospel with their sisters in the privacy and intimacy of their own homes. This opportunity is a rare and challenging experience. Every visiting teacher throughout the Church should recognize this fact and carefully prepare to carry out this sacred calling to the best of her ability. These "Book of Mormon Gems of Truth" are significant passages worthy of personal preservation. The general board recommends that every Relief Society visiting teacher commit these passages to memory. They will find that such knowledge is a source of strength and power in building testimonies of the truth.

The selected messages and their objectives for the eight months, October through May, are as follows:

Lesson 1. *"But Before Ye Seek for Riches, Seek Ye for the Kingdom of God"* (Jacob 2:18).

Objective: To point out that the pursuit of riches should be secondary to seeking the kingdom of God.

Lesson 2. *". . . And See That Ye Have Faith, Hope, and Charity, and Then Ye Will Always Abound in Good Works"* (Alma 7:24).

Objective: to stimulate the development of faith, hope, and charity that good works may abound.

Lesson 3. *"Behold, He Sendeth an Invitation Unto All Men, for the Arms of Mercy Are Extended Towards Them, and He Saith: Repent, and I Will Receive You"* (Alma 5:33).

Objective: To point out the necessity of repenting and overcoming one's faults.

Lesson 4. *"And Ye Will Not Have a Mind to Injure One Another, But to Live Peaceably, and to Render to Every Man According to That Which Is His Due"* (Mosiah 4:13).

Objective: To show the importance of refraining from injuring one another.

Lesson 5. *"Let Not This Pride of Your Hearts Destroy Your Souls!"* (Jacob 2:16).

Objective: To encourage the cultivation of humility.

Lesson 6. *"Ye Have Not Applied Your Hearts to Understanding; Therefore, Ye Have Not Been Wise"* (Mosiah 12:27).

Objective: To urge that a conscious effort be made toward understanding the word of the Lord.

Lesson 7. *"But There Is a Resurrection, Therefore the Grave Hath No Victory, and the Sting of Death Is Swallowed Up in Christ"* (Mosiah 16:8).

Objective: To give assurance of life after death.

Lesson 8. *"Seek Not to Counsel the Lord, But to Take Counsel From His Hand. For Behold, Ye Yourselves Know That He Counseleth in Wisdom, and in Justice, and in Great Mercy, Over All His Works"* (Jacob 4:10).

Objective: To stress the wisdom of adherence to the counsel of God.

Work Meeting—Family Money Management

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Preview of Lessons for 1953-54

Rhea H. Gardner

WISE spending of the family income makes possible a higher level of living and is a major factor in the establishment of peace and harmony within the home. As a class leader of the home management lessons this year, "Family Money Management," it is your privilege to help families achieve these much desired goals.

We are told that one-third of all families in the United States overspent their incomes in 1951, according to statistics compiled by the Federal Reserve Board. This tendency, if continued, can lead only to economic slavery and an eventual lowering of our level of living.

A recent national survey showed that women alone buy fifty-five per cent of all consumer goods for the family; eleven per cent is spent by wife and husband together; thirty per cent by men alone; and four per cent by unmarried children. That places a major responsibility of spending the family-living dollar on the homemaker.

There is mounting evidence that, either because we do not care, or do not know how, the money we have is not being spent most profitably. Greater knowledge of goods to be purchased and more family group planning of "what ought we afford," not necessarily "what can we afford" is necessary. This would almost certainly result in fewer regrets and more progressive movement toward our big goals in life.

For instance, a survey made in the State of Utah during the past year, in which more than one thousand homemakers participated, revealed the startling fact that high-pressure salesmanship motivated the purchase of more than seventy-five per cent of the major items purchased for home use—not careful consideration of their need and value to a particular family.

There is no substitute for a knowledge of the goods to be bought. The ever-growing variety of kinds, makes, and brands of goods makes such knowledge mandatory, if there is to be wise money management.

The home management lessons for the coming year are planned to help you get more of the things you want with the money you have to spend. Whether you have a dime or a dollar, there are thousands of ways to spend it. Your own standard of living is set by the choices you make in spending your income.

The number of topics that can be treated this year are necessarily limited, as well as the space which can be given in the *Magazine*, but it is hoped that the information you receive will help to make you more efficient in all your buying.

Excellent reference material may be found in reliable publications. Wherever possible use visual aids to demonstrate the lessons. Showing, plus telling, is many times more effective than telling alone. As soon as you receive this *Magazine*, it is suggested that you begin to assemble valuable material for use in presenting the lessons.

The following is the list of lessons to be studied for 1953-1954:

Lesson 1. Children's Spending

Lesson 2. Your Shopping Dollar

Lesson 3. Spending Your Food Dollar

Lesson 4. Spending Your Clothing Dollar

Lesson 5. Spending Your Home Furnishings Dollar

Lesson 6. Spending Your Home Furnishings Dollar (continued)

Lesson 7. Spending Your Housing Dollar

Lesson 8. Spending Your Health Dollar

Literature—The Literature of England

Preview of Lessons for 1953-54

(Text, *The Literature of England*, Woods, Watt, Anderson, Vol. II, pp. 399-426)

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

IT was during the "most glorious reign" of their beloved Queen Victoria that Englishmen achieved a wealth and power never known to them either before or since. This complex period of titanic change challenged all alert men to readjustment, to vigorous affirmation and impassioned denials, even to shiftings between doubt and faith.

This year we are to have the privilege of beginning a study of this immensely varied, fruitful, and powerful Victorian literature.

Just as Victoria was the first queen to be photographed, so a study of Victorian England first enables us to see mirrored in retrospect the problems of our modern world. In studying the Victorians we return often to that which we know, for in the Victorian period we find the confusing, challenging, but great preface to our own day.

"Brittania rules the waves," the proud nation sang; she also ruled more foreign lands and peoples than any other power. The Bank of England was the greatest financial force in the world. England *was* riches; she was power.

This period was one of staggering, dazzling change. Within the lifetime of Queen Victoria England experienced more sweeping changes and reforms within herself than during the thousand years preceding. Before the Great Reform Bill of 1832, true democratic representation in Parliament was hated by entrenched aristocracy as the most horrifying of all possibilities; not until mobs rioted in the streets did the Tories (or Conservatives) relent and vote for parliamentary reform. To contemporary workingmen, the achievements of the Factory Act of 1833 seemed incredible, almost too good to be true: children under nine could no longer be employed in mines or mills (save silk mills); children under thirteen could not be forced to work more than nine hours a day; and children from thirteen to eighteen years of age were limited to a twelve-hour day.

In 1837, when Victoria ascended the throne, English reformers were still rejoicing over their success at abolishing slavery in the English colonies, yet at home women (rather than mules) still pulled coalcars deep within the narrow mine shafts, and the cheap labor of children so endeared them to industry that they could not be spared from the loom long enough to be educated. Well over four hundred crimes were punishable by death, and public hangings were still exciting spectacles.

During this era, progress in science and mechanics was likewise astounding. Fundamental "firsts" laid the groundwork for modern geology, physiology, psychology, physics, and chemistry. In medicine germs of many deadly diseases were first isolated, vaccines first given, an-

esthesia was first used in surgery and in childbirth (against the opposition of those fundamentalists who felt woman should not be allowed to escape from the curse of pain given her for sinning in Eden). The steam, later the internal combustion, engines revolutionized manufacturing and transportation, while the cheap steam press, the telegraph and the wireless vanquished barriers of distance. The Colt revolver, the Winchester rifle, the French 75 artillery, and the Gatling machine gun transformed warfare as did the steel plow and the combine harvester farming. It was Sir Henry Bessemer's process of making cheap steel which made this age of steel possible.

Men began worshipping that which was newest, biggest, most. According to Carlyle, the modern hell became the fear of not succeeding. It was almost the age of inevitable progress; a progress born "not of accident but of necessity. What we call evil and immorality will disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect. . . . The ultimate development of the ideal man is certain." Thus wrote Herbert Spencer, one of the great prophets of nineteenth-century optimism. But many Victorians protested such an enthusiastic, idealistic statement.

Again our text will be *Literature of England* by Woods, Watt, Anderson, Vol. II, purchasable at Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, with $5 of Relief Society funds, should your ward not own a copy. Copies of the following books to be studied this year are probably found in most homes and Relief Society libraries; however, they may be purchased through the Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City, Utah: Charles Dickens' *David Copperfield*, price $1.25 (Modern Library edition); and *A Christmas Carol*, price $1.00 (Collectors Edition); Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre*, price $1.25 (Modern Library edition).

Postage on the literature textbook is 25c and 10c on each of the other books listed above. Also 2 per cent Utah State sales tax should be added.

Lesson titles and objectives follow:

Lesson 33. *The Maturing Tennyson* (1809-1892) (Text, pp. 593-654)

Objective: To relate Tennyson's early poetry to the growing man living in a complex period of conflict and change.

Lesson 34. *Alfred Lord Tennyson, Representative Victorian* (1809-1892) (Text, pp. 593-654)

Objective: To attain an understanding of Tennyson's later poetry.

Lesson 35. *Charles Dickens* (1812-1870) (*A Christmas Carol*)

Objective: By studying Dickens' life and his *Christmas Carol*, to realize more fully why and how he has immortalized the Christmas spirit in his writings.

Lesson 36. *Charles Dickens* (continued) (1812-1870)

Objective: To gain a greater appreciation of Dickens through a study of his autobiographical novel *David Copperfield*.

Lesson 37. *Thomas Babington Macaulay* (1800-1859) (Text, pp. 418, 419, 427-444)

Objective: To relate Macaulay's theory and practice of literature and history to the Victorian period for which he spoke.

Lesson 38. *Robert Browning* (1818-1889) (Text, pp. 655-709)

Objective: To study Browning's life

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Preview of Lessons for 1953-54

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and works, that we might come to see more fully the unifying values they contribute to each other.

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Objective: To study Browning's life and works, that we might come to see more fully the unifying values they contribute to each other.

Lesson 40. *Charlotte Bronte* (1816-1855) (*Jane Eyre*)

Objective: To enter more fully into the imaginative reality of *Jane Eyre*, that the significance of this work in the history of the English novel might be better understood.

Social Science—The Constitution of the United States

Preview of Lessons for 1953-54

Elder Albert R. Bowen

FOR more than one hundred sixty years the United States of America has been the symbol of freedom to the peoples of the world. To this nation, the oppressed of all nations have looked with longing for the realization of their dreams of equality and opportunity. It is a universally accepted fact that never before in history have men enjoyed such liberty and freedom as the people of this nation have enjoyed under our democratic form of Government.

Many of our people have become complacent of our well-being and have grown to accept as commonplace the liberties which are ours. There are even those among us who would destroy our Government and its institutions, if they could. Serious inroads have already been made into our free institutions, so that all sober-minded citizens are alarmed at the dangers which confront us as a nation.

Of recent years we have drifted perilously close to disaster. Unless we are vigilant and aggressive in defense of liberty, we may lose the noblest heritage of freedom ever enjoyed by mankind in the history of this world.

The threats and dangers to our freedom come from all directions, both internally and externally. These threats have been pointed out for a long time. They have been referred to countless times by our General Authorities in conferences of the Church. They have been written and spoken of nationally from the pulpit, over the radio, and in countless books and pamphlets. It behooves us all to pay heed to these warnings.

The most practical, effective method to meet the threatened danger to our free institutions and Government is through enlightenment of our citizenry. All of our people need to know how American freedom came to be established. The struggles, disappointments, and great sacrifices which made it possible should be engraved upon the

consciousness of every man, woman, and child in America. Then, too, all should have a firm understanding of the institutions which preserve freedom.

For the purpose of contributing to the cause of preserving freedom in America, the Relief Society offers the women of the Church a new course devoted to a study of the Constitution of the United States. It is felt that, properly informed and aroused, our women have a mighty contribution to make to this cause.

This course of study on the Constitution logically and properly follows the course of study of the past three years, viz., *The Progress of Man*. In that course of study the basic necessity for freedom as a condition to man's progress has been considered. On page 298 of the text, *The Progress of Man*, President Joseph Fielding Smith says the following concerning the Constitution:

> The Constitution is our assurance against anarchy and despotism. Every Latter-day Saint should be familiar with every part of this great document. Such knowledge is essential to an understanding of the significance of the word of the Lord in the Doctrine and Covenants.

The first seven lessons of this course will be devoted to a consideration of the background of the Constitution; the struggles for freedom which preceded it and its final emergence upon the world scene. No background material giving consideration to the Constitution would be complete for Latter-day Saints without pointing out the special significance this great document has for our people. Therefore, special emphasis is given, as a part of this study, to the Latter-day Saint viewpoint concerning the Constitution.

The remaining lessons of this course will deal with the Constitution itself. They will be concerned with the basic constitutional doctrines and concepts which safeguard our liberties, and the manner in which they operate in practice.

The following is a list of the lessons and objectives for Part I of this study:

Lesson 1. *Man's Struggle for Freedom*

> Objective: To show that the struggle for liberty and freedom began even before man's earth life, and that freedom and liberty are essential to man's progress.

Lesson 2. *Latter-day Saint View of the Constitution of the United States*

> Objective: To review the scriptural foundation of Latter-day Saint beliefs concerning the Constitution.

Lesson 3. *The Place of the Constitution in History*

> Objective: To review briefly the most important documents and events which preceded the Constitution and to show that the Constitution of the United States was the crowning achievement in man's struggle for freedom.

Lesson 4. *The Forerunners of the Constitution of 1789*

> Objective: To trace the history of government in the United States, beginnning with the colonial charters, to the issuance of the Declaration of Independence, through the loose confederation of states which fought the

Revolutionary War, and culminating in the founding of a National Government.

Lesson 5. *The Articles of Confederation*

Objective: To review the Articles of Confederation and the reasons for their failure as a framework of National Government.

Lesson 6. *The Philadelphia Convention*

Objective: To study the environment in which the Constitution was written; to observe the methods employed by the convention in considering its provisions and to determine the reasons why the Constitutional Convention was a success.

Lesson 7. *The Great Compromises of the Constitution and the Fight for Ratification*

Objective: To become familiar with the great issues of the Constitutional Convention and how those issues were compromised; to observe the devices used to create "checks and balances" as a means of protecting the fundamental freedoms of the individual. Also to point out that the Constitution was one of the most thoroughly studied and debated documents ever presented to a nation for adoption.

While any history of the United States may be found helpful for the social science lessons, the following four, which are found in many public libraries, are listed as being especially helpful:

Bancroft, George: *History of the Formation of the Constitution.*

Channing, Edward: *History of the United States.*

Farrand, Max: *The Framing of the Constitution.*

Fiske, John: *The Critical Period of American History* (1783-1788).

Books containing original documents dealing with this period and encyclopedias.

Notes on the Authors of the Lessons

THIS year only one writer not previously represented among the authors of the lessons, is introduced to Relief Society members and readers of the *Magazine*. Albert R. Bowen, author of the social science lessons, "The Constitution of the United States," was born in Logan, Utah, a son of Albert E. Bowen, of the Council of the Twelve, and Aletha Reeder Bowen.

He was graduated from the University of Utah in 1930, and from Stanford University School of Law in 1932. He has practiced his profession in Salt Lake City since 1932, beginning as an associate of his father and S. J. Quinney. At present he is a member of the law firm of Ray, Quinney, and Nebeker, and is a member of the Utah State Bar Association and the American Bar Association. For several years, at the call of the First Presidency, he served the Church in a legal capacity.

In 1951, Elder Bowen was appointed a member of the Board of Regents of the University of Utah, and is now serving on that board.

Elder Bowen served in the Swiss-German Mission from July 1935 un-

til January 1928, and he has almost continuously occupied positions of leadership in the auxiliaries and Priesthood quorums in the wards in which he has resided since he was ordained a deacon at the age of twelve. His wife, Lucile Ross Bowen, mother of their five children, died in 1952.

For biographical sketches on the authors of the other lessons, see the following references in *The Relief Society Magazine*:

Elder Leland H. Monson, page 472, July 1951.
Leone Openshaw Jacobs, page 472, July 1951.
Rhea Hurst Gardner, page 418, June 1952.
Elder Briant S. Jacobs, page 471, July 1949.

Crows

Ethel Jacobson

The sunset sky
Shows a rosy bloom
And the tall trees stand
Like a crooked loom
Where the great crows flap
Aud flutter and croak,
Weaving, weaving
The night's black cloak.
And when dawn comes
Again they'll flit,
Ripping the cloak,
Unraveling it!

With a Page of Poetry

Dorothy J. Roberts

Humble, humble though they be,
These are things the mind did see;
These are countries travelled to,
Jungle midnights striven through;
Feathers dropped from soaring wing,
Sounds from lips that longed to sing.
These are thoughts the heart did heed
Once in hunger and in need.

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..... Lord's Prayer—Malotte ..... .25
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To My Daughter

Grace B. Wilson

Child of my heart,
In your face I see reflected
All the things I would have been.
All the hopes and dreams of youth,
Long since vanished, unfulfilled,
Spring to life again in you.
Oh, little brown-eyed girl,
I wonder if you, too,
Will dream upon the hilltops,
But dwell forever in the valleys.

Meditation

Emily Carey Alleman

How tranquil is the setting sun,
Which, like the clasp of hands,
Joins today and the promised morrow
With gold and silver bands.

How beautiful now seems this life
As evening shadows creep
To bridge life's twilight with the night
Of our last earthly sleep.

FOR BRIDES and GROOMS
Present and Prospective

THE SACRED TRIANGLE

by Elder Matthew Cowley
(His Conference Address—October, 1952)

This is Elder Cowley's powerful and effective sermon on the sacredness and beauty of Temple Marriage. When a man and a woman are married according to God's Holy Laws, they form a Holy Partnership of Three: the Woman, the Man, and God.

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A Time to Forget

(Continued from page 413)

this morning, if only to keep open the path of understanding that so far had made their marriage smooth. She could not withdraw into silence.

She asked, "Didn't you like the services?"

"On the contrary," Jeff flashed her an enigmatic smile, "I liked the morning very much."

"Was that *all* you admired?" She stressed the *all*, still keeping her voice careless.

"Oh, no, that's just a beginning." His head was on one side and he was hesitating, thinking. "I like people to show when something is vital to them, maybe because I'm so reticent myself." His hands tightened on the wheel.

"I suppose all religions when they are new are full of zest and vitality. When this one was new a hundred and some years ago, it must have been something to experience. I can understand how it carried them across the plains and mountains and tamed the wilderness. There's still much of that quality left."

"And it goes deeper than vitality." Jeff was thoughtful, then his face lightened and his voice rose with enthusiasm. "I see it now, the thing I couldn't quite lay my hands on, this Church seems to have Christianity in its purest form." He tapped one hand excitedly on the wheel. "It stresses the supreme worth of the individual man, the whole participation of the individual. Look what it's done for Luis!"

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SOMETHING was joyful within her, urgent for expression. She felt like singing, yet she only said, "Then you're satisfied to let David keep on going to church there?"

"I'm going over Tuesday night myself, even if the flood control program for San Vicente Valley has to wait. I'll look into it a little more, and," he winked at David who was listening, his head against their seat, "maybe I'll do a little dancing." Keeping his eyes on the Sunday traffic, he asked, "What about it, Son, do you think you'd like going there?"

"I like it a lot." David said it judiciously. "I think I'd like to try it again."

"When we can't go, we can always send him with Luis." Jeff's eyes were still on the road.

"But what would I do when Luis got invited out to dinner?" David was serious as he looked at Serena. "You'd have to come after me; so you might as well take me."

Serena watched Jeff. The answer must come from him.

"We'll try it for a while anyway. What do you think, Mother?" He had never called her that before, and his eyes were twinkling.

She felt warm and happy, at peace with everything. All the past seemed joined with today, a perfect moment ready for tomorrow, so close to her.

"I think I'd like it." Her eyes rested on Jeff, his strong hands relaxed on the wheel, and David standing in the back, his eager face close to hers. "The three of us together."

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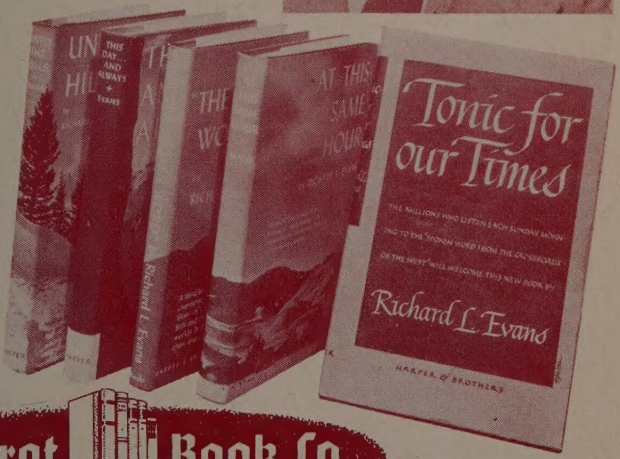

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1 Wash, hull, and crush 2 qts. ripe strawberries, one layer at a time, using a kitchen masher to assure an even textured jam. Measure 4 cups crushed fruit into kettle. Measure 7 cups U & I FINE GRANULATED SUGAR into bowl and set aside.

2 Add 1 package powdered pectin to strawberries; mix well. Set over high heat; stir until mixture comes to a hard boil. Add U & I Sugar and boil hard 1 minute. Remove from heat. Stir and skim by turns for 5 minutes to prevent floating fruit.

3 Ladle quickly into prepared glasses.

For all your canning, be sure to use PURE U AND I SUGAR, often referred to as "crystallized sunshine and water"

4 Cover at once with ⅛ inch hot paraffin. Yield: about ten 6-oz. glasses.